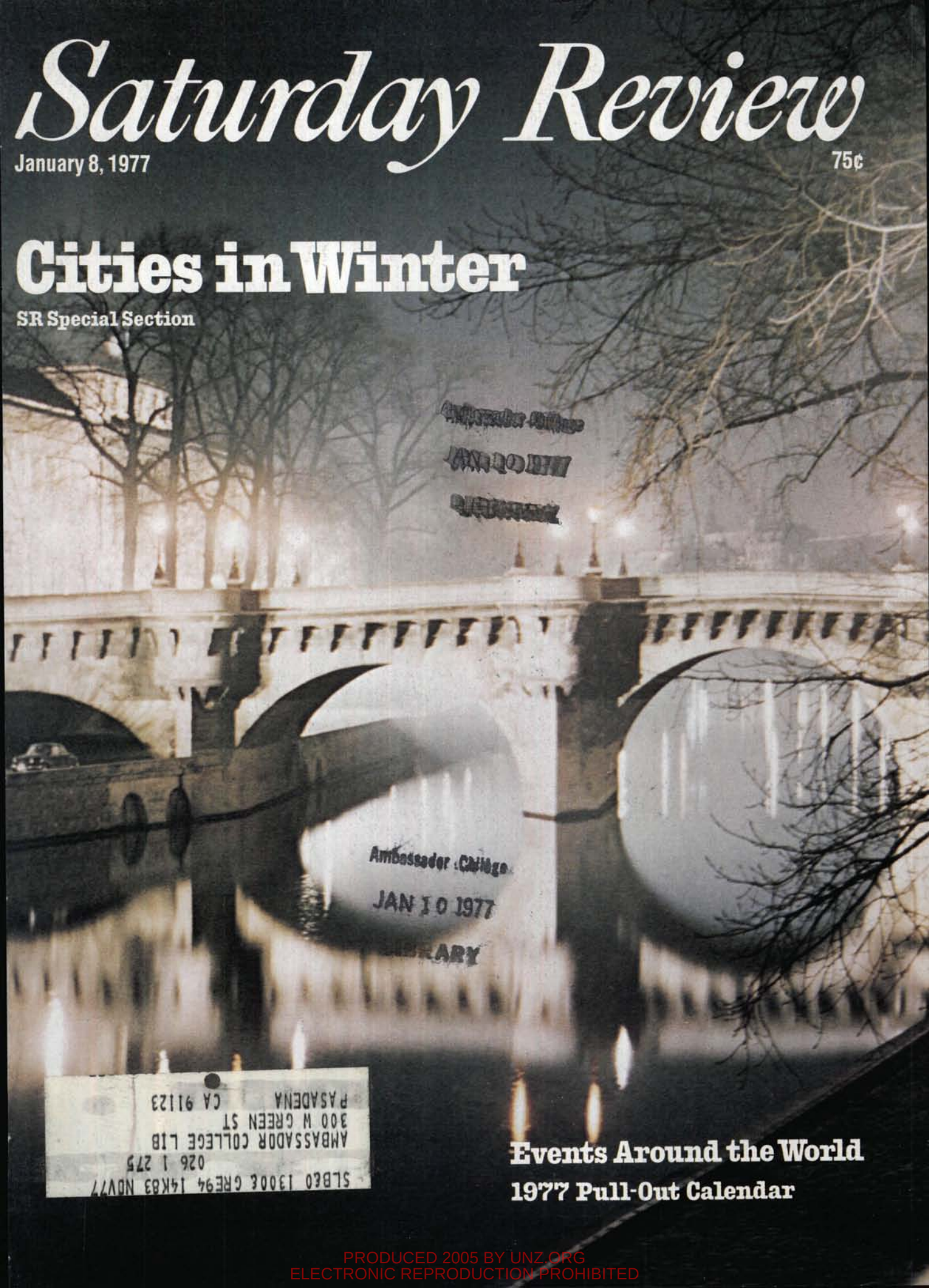
Saturday Review

January 8, 1977

75¢

Cities in Winter

SR Special Section



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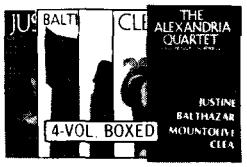

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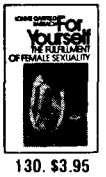

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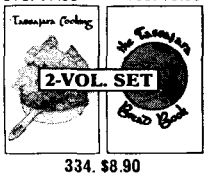

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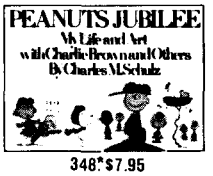

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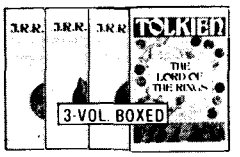

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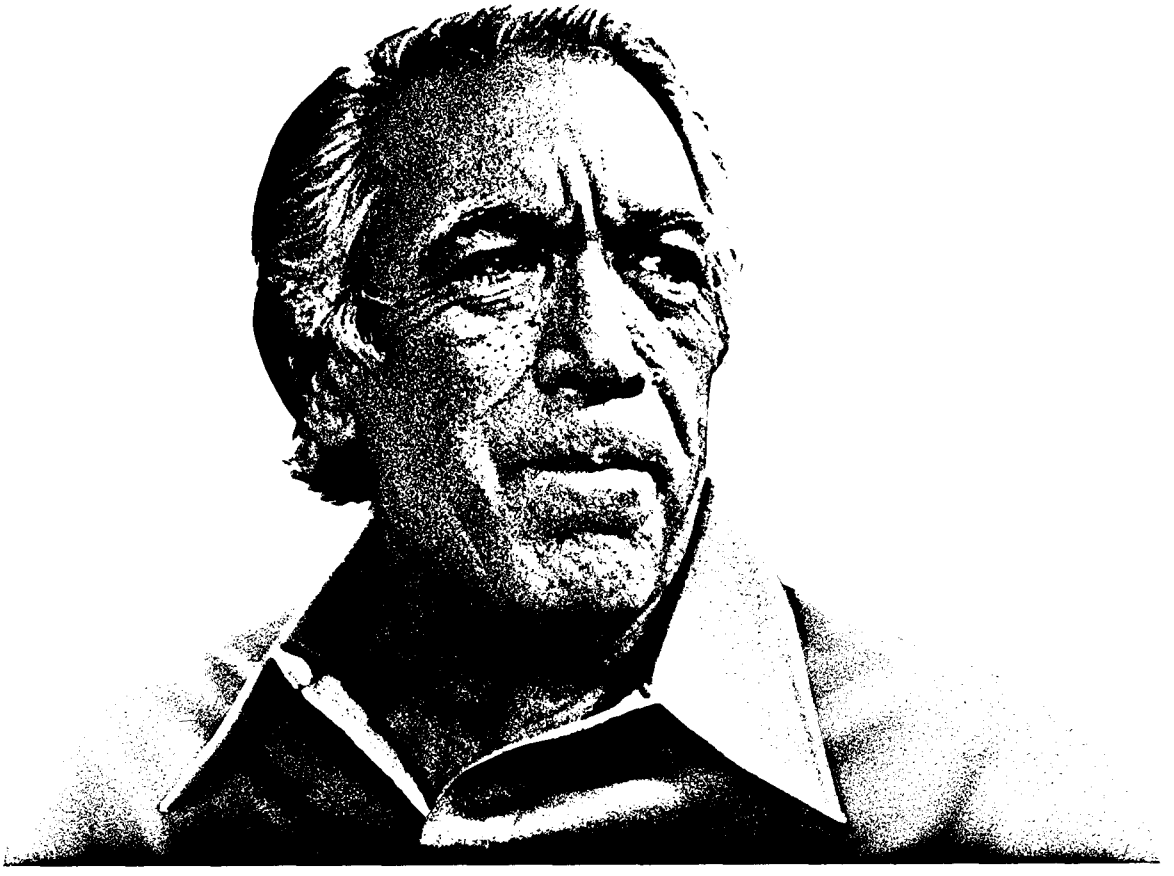

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The Hersey Episode

"The most precarious enterprise in the world is effective communication."

The New York Times reported on November 24 that the editor of the *Saturday Review* had canceled an article by John Hersey originally scheduled for the special December 11 year-end issue on "Managing America, 1977–1981." The impression given by *The New York Times* was that Mr. Hersey's article was killed because it was severely anti-business. The New York *Daily News*, in one of its potpourri columns, was even more explicit. It said that *SR*'s editor had yanked the piece because of advertising pressures. Meanwhile, Mr. Hersey was quoted in various news reports as having said that the transaction was the "most disgusting" he had ever experienced as a journalist.

SR's readers were no doubt startled to read that the magazine "suppressed" a piece by one of America's leading writers. They are entitled to a full accounting.

In planning the December 11 issue, we wanted an introductory article in the form of an imaginary Inaugural Address. The introduction would set the stage for articles dealing with the Presidential agenda for the next four years. Traditionally, American Inaugural speeches have attempted to rally the people to large challenges in a spirit of post-election reconciliation and goodwill.

We invited John Hersey to write the piece. The article he sent us, however, did not meet these specifications. It didn't fit into the tradition of Inaugural Addresses. It was mainly polemical in tone and had little to say about the wide range of challenges confronting the new President—the world arms race and the need to create a world order in time to avert world nuclear war; the genuine threat of planetary famine; world environmental deterioration and the depletion of resources; the international energy crisis; the connection between inflation and world anarchy; the social and human needs of the American people.

Instead, Mr. Hersey's piece was devoted almost entirely to the American business system, which emerged in the article as the enemy of the American people. Whatever the merits of the piece, it did not serve as an introduction to our special issue. Still, Mr. Hersey had written the article in good faith and was entitled to have his say. The proper place for it, I believed, would be in our annual business issue, only a month away (January 22). Moreover, his article would lend itself to lively editorial debate under the heading, "What Should Jimmy Carter Say to American Business?" Accordingly, we invited James J. Kilpatrick to join the debate. Mr. Kilpatrick accepted.

On November 22, while in Arizona in connection with a C. F. Kettering Foundation meeting, I received a call from my office about an item in Liz Smith's New York *Daily News* column. The item said I had "rejected" Hersey's article "for fear of—you got it—the old advertisers." Two days later, *The New York Times* ran a fairly long story saying the article had been "pulled out" and noting that *SR* frequently carries the advertising of some of the companies mentioned in John Hersey's article. The *Times* story also contained Mr. Hersey's disparaging remark.

I could understand John Hersey's indignation if the only information available to him came out of the *Daily News* item and *The New York Times* report. Even so, I was surprised that he had commented to the press without first checking with me directly to find out whether I had in fact suppressed his piece. John knew that I had resigned from *SR* five years ago precisely because I had objected to the overcommercialization of the magazine under the previous owners. In any case, I thought that his comment was unfair and unwarranted.

I finally reached John Hersey on November 24. He said he had not given the story to the newspapers. He said his information about the article had come from Horace Sutton, issue editor for the special December 11 number. In that case, I said, he must have been informed that his article had not been suppressed, but re-scheduled.

John said he had been given no such information. He didn't believe that the piece had been re-scheduled. It became apparent to me that he thought we had contrived a public statement about subsequent publication as a face-saving device. I said I would be glad to supply proof that, more than a week before the newspaper stories appeared, we had decided to publish his article in the January issue, where I thought it belonged. John replied that he had no desire to see such proof.

What proof? The Kilpatrick piece, which was scheduled to run in tandem with Hersey's article, had been transmitted to us via the *Newsweek* telex desk on November 15—eight days before the Liz Smith item; ten days before the *Times* piece. We have the dated telex copy.

Back in New York, I received a memorandum from Horace Sutton saying that he had spoken to John Hersey while I was in the Southwest. Sutton said he had indeed informed Hersey of the decision to publish his piece in the January business issue instead of the year-end number. How to explain this contradiction? I accept without reservation Mr. Hersey's explanation that the information had simply not registered with him at the time.

We proceeded with our plans to publish the Hersey–Kilpatrick exchange in the January 22 issue. On December 6, however, Mr. Hersey telephoned to request that his article be withdrawn. He had already given it to *The New Republic*, and it had been reprinted in at least three newspapers; even so, I felt it should appear in *SR*. Mr. Hersey persisted in his refusal. I thought it ironic that we

Continued on page 8

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Letters from Readers

Documenting the Documentary

Karl Meyer's laudatory comments on our recent documentary ["The Selling of the F-14," October 16] were appreciated, of course. Two points, however, invite comment.

In recalling that, in the July 26 issue of *Saturday Review*, he had "chided the networks" about their deficiencies in the documentary area and that—presto!—on August 27 "The F-14" was unveiled ("as if to show what ought to be done"), Mr. Meyer might unwittingly be giving his readers a distorted idea of the processes of decision and of production that prevail in network documentaries.

In fact, this project was initiated in July, 1975. The painstaking background research, the legwork here and in Iran, the parallel courses of investigation and filming and editing—all this consumed more than a year. And —to come to the second point—the broadcast was finally rushed on to the air a week or two earlier than originally planned, pure and simple. That is, the story that producer Jay McMullen had been digging on so assiduously for a solid year was beginning to spill out into the news. Senate hearings were about to begin, and it seemed obvious that the F-14 case would provide a rare kind of example by means of which the public could understand these proceedings and their implications. . . .

John Sharnik
Vice-President, CBS News
Director, Public Affairs Broadcasts
New York, N. Y.

Fractious Thoughts

One of your columnists who shall be nameless —Goodman Nameless—wrote an article ["The Importance of Money," November 13] in which he stupidly said that $300 is one-tenth of $30,000. That should get him at least 100 letters. I think he should be made to stand in the corner of your letters-from-readers page and to publicly apologize. The alternative is for him to send all the 100 readers a personal apology. At 13 cents a letter, that would come to $130.

Goodman Ace
New York, N. Y.

Smothering Mothering

Jill Tweedie's otherwise well-written and balanced review of Adrienne Rich's *Of Woman Born: Motherhood as Experience and Institution* ["Alone Together," November 13] was almost ruined for me by her unthinking tirade against those who oppose abortion. My opposition to it, along with that of many others, is based on the belief that killing unborn human beings is murder; it has no connection with "the rhythms of economic and military aggression, the desire for cheap labor or for greater consumerism." Since I oppose abortion on moral, religious, and philosophical grounds, I resent being told that I am "deceitful and hypocritical," "charged with an almost lunatic evasion of reality," and one of the "purveyors of the cheapest cloud-cuckoo-land sentimentality."

A writer of Ms. Tweedie's skill should know better than to use such unrestrained language and to lump all of any group into such a stereotyped category. . . .

Marian H. Cusac
Marion, S.C.

In reviewing Adrienne Rich's book, Jill Tweedie states, "We are in limbo, able to glimpse heaven but still halfway from hell." My sense of irritation was so great that I was compelled to write my first letter to the editor.

My gut feeling is that the large majority of middle-class women experience great joy from producing and raising healthy children. We seem to be so silent about it while the feminist writers dominate the stage, telling the world how we're still kept in shackles by men and our own "biological destiny."

That motherhood isn't for every woman should certainly be obvious by now. Twentieth-century women have so many alternatives; if the years of enforced "at homeness" are too great a price to pay, they can choose another option.

No nurse, writer, or manager can escape periods of dryness and frustration. And as they experience a sense of pride in their accomplishments, so do most mothers. . . .

Laurie Chertock
Mechanicsburg, Pa.

Sun of God

I have no quarrel with Isaac Asimov when his superbly trained mind and imagination expand science into science fiction. However, when his untrained mind accompanies his imagination into "Bible fiction" ["The Flaming God," October 30], I must wildly protest.

Asimov attempts to include the Jewish Bible among ancient manifestations of sun and storm worship. The biblical account of light and sun is, however, merely a prelude to the creation of man, who, as the image and shadow of God, is at the center of the universe. There is no more depiction of God as a god of storm than there is as a god of war, peace, anger, mercy, compassion. . . .

G. S. Fogelman, J. D.
Jerusalem, Israel

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Alton Ochsner, M.D.

ON THE ROLE OF VITAMINS C AND E IN MEDICINE

A world-famous surgeon tells you how and why he uses these two essential vitamins

PUBLISHER'S NOTE: *Dr. Ochsner is one of the outstanding international leaders in modern medical progress. Now Emeritus Professor of Surgery at Tulane University School of Medicine, he maintains an active practice at the famed Ochsner Clinic in New Orleans. As a member of our Editorial Board, we have asked him, out of his unique long personal experience with vitamins C and E, to tell you how and why he uses them.*

—Richard Stanton

The American public has become very health-conscious which is extremely desirable because most of us, when we arrive in this troubled world, are endowed with the most marvelously efficient mechanism ever devised, and much depends on us whether this mechanism will function properly and last without becoming prematurely obsolete.

No longer is longevity the principal consideration, and rightly so, because the desideratum is healthy and useful life as long as possible. Because of the health-consciousness of the public, people are avid for information concerning their health and factors which may improve it. It is inconsistent, however, that individuals concerned about remaining healthy and prolonging a useful life, adopt practices which are definitely known to accelerate aging, produce disabling illness, and shorten life. These are the use of tobacco, the abuse of alcohol, and excesses of all kinds.

Vitamin use has been a controversial subject for a number of years, and although vitamin deficiency is extremely undesirable, can be hazardous and even fatal, often vitamins are used when they are not needed. However, with advancing age it is probably desirable to use vitamin supplements because of de-

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Editor's page *from page 4*

should be trying to persuade him to publish an article that the newspapers had said we wanted to suppress.

I told Mr. Hersey I still hoped to convince him that he had done great injustice to the *Saturday Review*. We would be glad, I said, to turn over all the relevant materials to a third party—perhaps his book editor or his literary agent or his lawyer—in order to ascertain whether the article had been "suppressed." I thought it absurd that two men who had strenuously urged conciliatory procedures for contending nations should not themselves turn to a trusted third party to help establish the facts and bring them together again. Mr. Hersey said he did not think the third-party idea was a good one.

Two days later, a letter arrived from Mr. Hersey, repeating the request that his piece not be published. He returned the fee for the article. In reply, I reassured him that the piece would not be published without his consent. I sent back his check; he had clearly written the article in good faith and was entitled to it. I later sent him some recent editorials from *SR* on the subject of the military-industrial complex in order to demonstrate he was in error if he thought any discussion of this subject was verboten in the *Saturday Review*.

THESE, then, are the basic facts of the case as I know them. The entire episode adds up to a terrible assortment of misinformation, misunderstanding, and wretched communication. Worst of all, it need never have happened.

If I had it to do all over again, what would I have done differently? In light of what happened, I would have attached the highest priority to reaching John Hersey in order to communicate my decision to him personally. My hope, too, is that if John Hersey had it to do all over again, he would not have believed the worst before talking with me.

Reflecting on this episode, what seems to me to be the most unfortunate aspect of the entire affair is its negative symbolism. Both John Hersey and I have been identified all our lives with the cause of world peace. Yet we ourselves had become enmeshed in flash reactions, violent words, and a public confrontation.

Related to this line of thought is a melancholy fact that has become increasingly apparent to me over the years. The most difficult and precarious enterprise in the world is effective communication. It is the ultimate art. In that respect, we all have a lot to learn. —N.C.

Special Report

Dirty Tricks Korean Style

by Donald Kirk

Washington

LIKE Frankenstein's monster gone amok, an amorphous, almost indefinable entity known as the Korean Central Intelligence Agency has turned on its creator, the United States. In the best tradition of international skullduggery, the KCIA has successfully penetrated one branch of the American government through bribery and influence-peddling, has set up within the U.S.A. a nationwide spy network to harass Koreans living here as well as to spread propaganda throughout this country under the guise of religion and culture —and permits some of its most valued provocateurs to bank huge sums in the process.

Payoffs to congressmen, intimidation of political opponents, confidence-gaming through fronts ranging from a karate school to a dance troupe—these provide the spectacle of a foreign government gnawing into the fabric of the American system and indicate that our republic may have more to fear, from the viewpoint of internal integrity and security, from the intelligence apparatus of a relatively weak military client than from the secret services of some of its worst enemies. South Korean president Park Chung Hee opened his American "offensive" six years ago in a desperate bid to solidify Korean-American relations during the period of American withdrawal from Vietnam and détente with China. The offensive's final impact has been twofold. First, the nature of Korean operations in America has resurrected the same set of questions about the wisdom of supporting an inherently dictatorial regime that tormented Americans during the Vietnam era. Second, and of more immediate interest, is the issue of how the Koreans could have insinuated their way, on an official level, into the American confidence.

"The KCIA is the government within the government," says Professor Lee Jai Hyon, a former Korean press attaché in Washington. Lee was largely responsible for touching off the present investigation by broaching the topic of Korean tactics in America at an inquest on "human rights in Korea" conducted last year by the Congressional Subcommittee on International Organizations, chaired by Minnesota Democrat Donald M. Fraser. "Anything the Korean government does," says Lee, who now teaches at Western Illinois University in Macomb, "is done through the control mechanism of Park's dictatorship, which is the KCIA." In fact, it was only after the KCIA had grown into a multi-tentacled monster with power over all sectors of Korean society that it turned to the American front.

Donald Kirk is a free-lance writer, specializing in Asian affairs.

"The KCIA is by far the most important organ in the Korean government," says an American who knows many of the religious, political, and intellectual figures arrested, questioned, tortured, convicted, or held without trial for the "crime" of opposing Park's rule. Indeed, the functions of the KCIA vastly exceed those of a normal national police agency. The KCIA not only monitors the contents of newspapers, infiltrates religious, political, and academic organizations—all as one would expect under such a regime—but also directly controls approval of applications for passports and export licenses, invests heavily in private enterprise—and even dabbles in organized crime.

Talk in the privacy of a dimly lit coffee shop in Seoul to almost any vaguely discontented student or professor or priest, and one inevitably hears serious reports of torture in the main interrogation center, hidden behind trees and underbrush on South Mountain overlooking Seoul, or in ostensibly private homes. Go to the American Embassy and ask for explanations, and one hears only dulcet rationalizations. "We cannot interfere in internal Korean problems" is the easiest explanation of why the United States has failed to oppose the trend formalized four years ago in the promulgation of a new constitution that legalized the suspension of civil rights and the "election" of the president by a kind of cheering section known as the National Conference of Unification.

IT WAS against this background of *de facto* tolerance of haphazard greed and cruel one-man rule, buttressed by sophisticated torture techniques borrowed from the Japanese, that U.S. diplomats and agents largely remained silent as the KCIA ventured upon the American scene. Always there were convincing rationales—at the bottom of which remained the pervasive fear that compelling Park to change his

Continued on page 66

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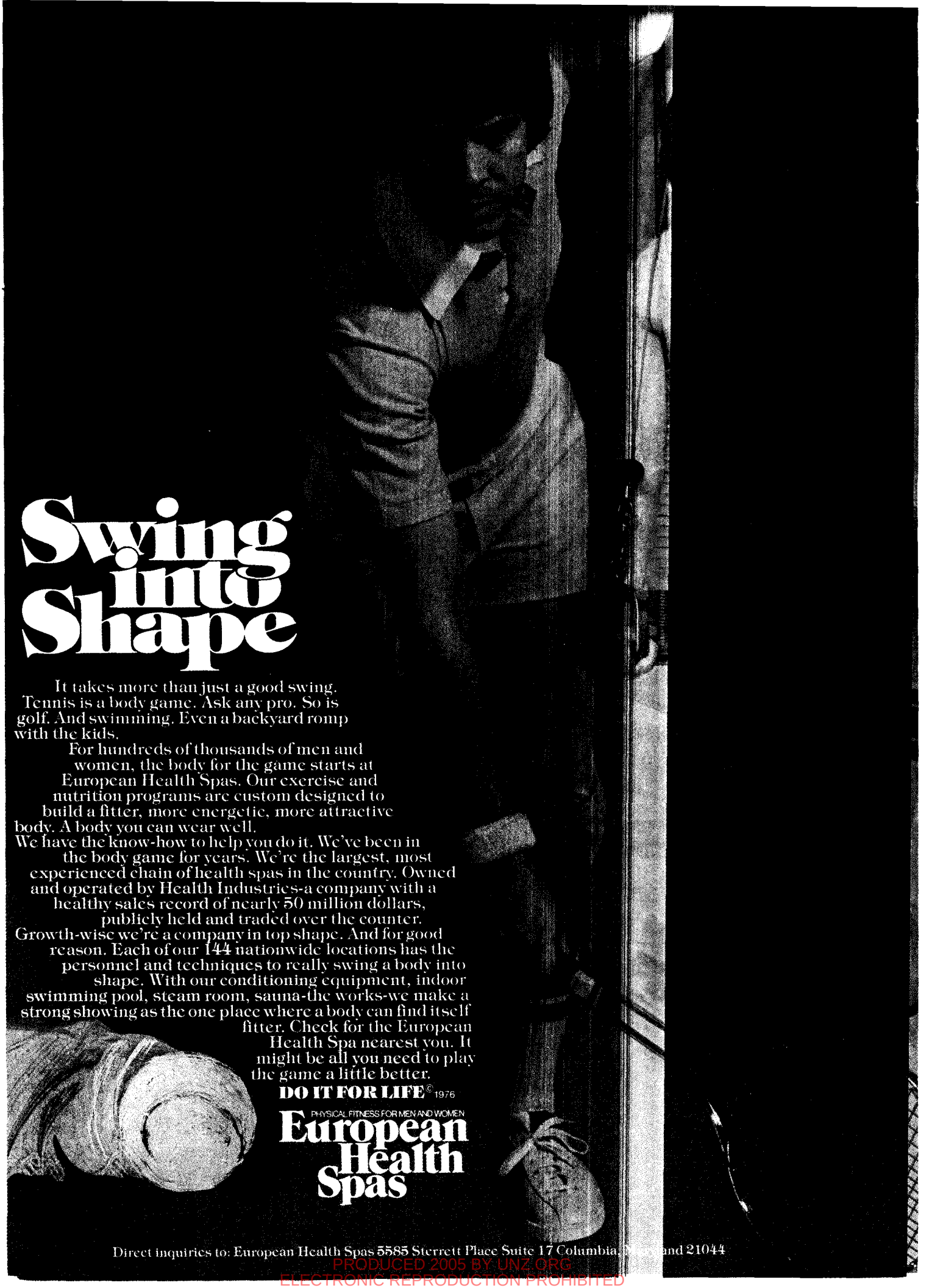

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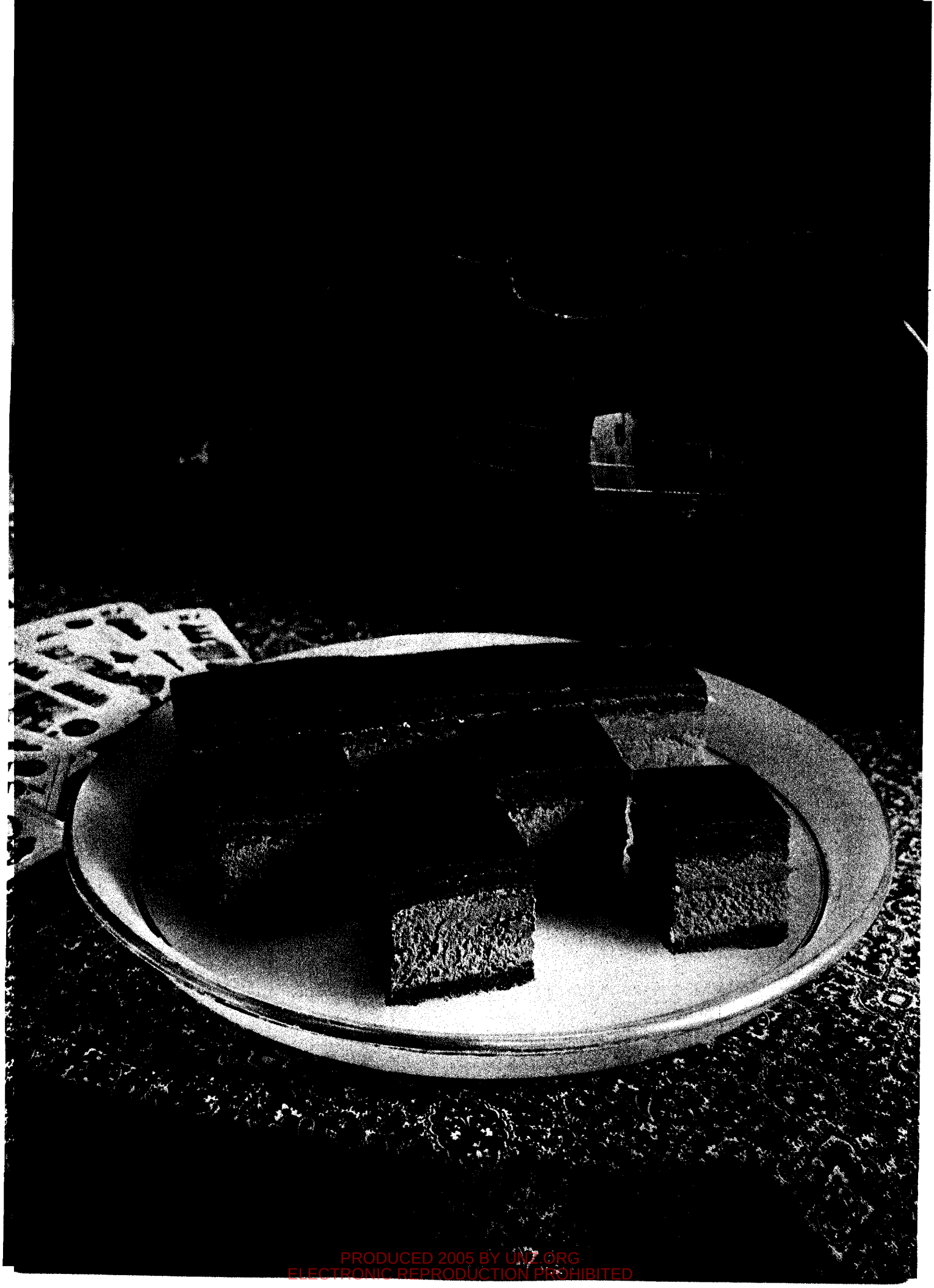

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Cities in Winter

Cities bloom with the first chill winds. Urban forests are the inverse phenomenon of trees and flowers. They sprout with plumage as the winter descends. For it is then, amid the flakes and the gusts, that shoppers hustle, that stores burgeon into brightly lit bazaars. The flute of winter trills not from a meadow but an orchestra pit. The deployment of actors on the boards is a seasonal quickstep. The poet lyricizes spring, but the playwright disports in winter, for it is then that he is chrysalis no longer. The cities in winter are nurtured by the warmth of the café, nourished by the expectant bubble of audiences before curtain rise. Museums burst effervescently into flower. Ancient civilizations creep from storages and assemble in galleries like fragments of far-flung clans called to convention by tribal drums heard only by the membership. A garden of conversation and wit blooms in private parlors and public halls.

Spring in the fields is for lyres; winter in the cities is drumrolls that quiver the tinsel, that rustle the imagination, that stir the intellect. And that is romanticism, too. —H.S.

Vienna

GEMÜTLICH is probably the most Viennese word in the German language. Other cuisines may be *haute*; Vienna's is *gemütlich*. The atmosphere in a coffeehouse, the sound of a Schubert *Lied*—when it's good, it's *gemütlich*.

The word sighs with cozy pleasure, comforting warmth, ease; that is, with the essence of Vienna's classic charm. And winter is Vienna's *gemütlich* season. Who notices that the physical sun hasn't come out for a week, when coffeehouses like the Frauenhof glow with silk-shaded chandelier lights, plush banquettes, welcoming piles of newspapers, and waiters bowing as they serve the world's best coffee. With such cushioning, Vienna's fabled cynical wit sheathes itself in velvet across the coffee cups: "*Küss die Hand*" ("I kiss your hand") or "*Servus*" ("I am your servant"), all the dear little Austrianisms that make a Viennese drawl the most lovable form of German.

Of course, Vienna is not a German city. It is Austrian, the capital of the old Hapsburg Empire, and so it retains multinational souvenirs: a Bohemian accent to its food, a Hungarian flair for intrigue, an Italian courtliness. To this day even the speech is spiced with imported words. In the quiet air, the large, soft snowflakes drift down gently under streetlamp lights—even in coldest February, winds seldom howl through the town—and chestnut vendors set up their ovens to peddle, not *Kastanien*, the German word, but the Italianate *Maroni*. The most Viennese way of all with chestnuts is what you might expect from the home of *Sachertorte mit Schlag*—the *Schokolademaroni* sold in confectionary shops, chocolate-dipped chestnut puree shaped into plump little hearts.

Winter weather sets you up properly for Viennese cooking, which is not much a matter of salads and light nothings. It is very much a matter of hot sausage at *Würstl* stands in the nighttime streets (you can play it safe with a familiar frankfurter, but do try the garlic-rich, fat-studded *Burenwurst* that is manna to the Viennese) or roast goose (wonderful at the Hauswirth or the Gülden Drachen) or suckling pig (toothsome at Wegenstein's, where you can also savor bear schnitzel or spit-roasted baby boar). Thick soups simmered from beans and a ham bone, lusciously smoked pork with caraway seed nestled in the crackling are sturdy delights to enjoy at one of the snug urban inns—the *Beiseln*—that dot streets whose ambience ranges from the inner city's Baroque palaces to the Social Democratic modern of housing projects in the outer districts. In a *Beisel* like Zur Stadt Krems (tucked away in an obscure side street at Zieglergasse 37), *Gemütlichkeit* practically steams the windows, as neighborhood patrons hum Viennese folk songs over pitchers of house wine.

The *Beiseln* are cheap and *echt*, the in-town alternatives to the wine gardens (*Heuriger*) in the vineyard suburbs ringing the city. Not that the *Heuriger* aren't as alive and well in winter as in summer. Proceedings merely adjourn from outdoor trestle tables under the trees to little *Stuben*—low-ceilinged, wood-paneled rooms where the wine is just as heady and tile ovens keep things cozy. A place like Das Alte Haus in Grinzing is, if anything, at its most *gemütlich* in its indoor incarnation. The zithers and accordions still play, the customers still sing along—*Wien bleibt Wien*.

Music in Vienna means, most of all, the State Opera, which this winter, from January 16 through 27, will mount a Richard Strauss festival featuring six of his operas, from *Salome* to *Der Rosenkavalier*. The difficulties of casting and staging six Strauss operas in a dozen days make this a rare and spectacular event. But the festival couldn't be in more splendid hands: Karl Böhm, Strauss's disciple and greatest living interpreter, is the conductor in charge. The casts include rising young stars of the Strauss repertoire like Gundula Janowitz, Viennese favorites like Leonie Rysanek and Walter Berry, international superstar Birgit Nilsson essaying something new for her in *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, and visitors like our own Judith Blegen (in *Arabella*), who are arousing uncommon anticipation. The advance demand

Fred Lyon

Cards, violin, a rose, and pastry are Vienna's mark—"Calorie guilt? Schatzerl, it's cold outside."

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Fin-de-siècle Riesenrad—"living in its past."

for festival tickets has been great, but a concierge with connections may help you out.

Festival or not, performances of Strauss operas (along with those of Mozart and Beethoven) are Vienna's special pride and glory, nuggets of any visit to the city. Try for Mozart's *Magic Flute* (February 1 and 24, March 5) and *Cosi Fan Tutte* (March 20 and 28). And on March 26 the State Opera will commemorate the 150th anniversary of Beethoven's death with Leonie Rysanek in *Fidelio*, the great opera he wrote in 1805 for a Viennese theater. *Fidelio* is always a special event in Vienna, and the March 26 performance is one of only two given this season, the other (early January) having already passed. So try to reserve tickets now.

If you want to take part yourself in an opera-house extravaganza, foreigners can often buy tickets to the gala Opera Ball, February 17 this year. For that one night the entire floor of the opera house is covered with an immense parquet down which the tailcoated, satined, and jeweled throng does an *Alt Wien Galopp*, all the way from back row to backstage, or a waltz as it should be waltzed. If the Opera Ball is sold out or you won't be in Vienna at the right time, the *Fasching*, or carnival, season swirls with a hundred balls just as merry —several in masquerade—from New Year's Eve through Ash Wednesday. Or you could just settle for a ticket to the February 14 or 20 performance of *Die Fledermaus*, the Viennese ball of an opera by that other Strauss—Johann.

Grand opera is not the only game in town. There is also the Volksoper, the operetta theater. As fully government subsidized as the State Opera, as enthusiastically revered by the Viennese, as sumptuous with big choruses, complete ballet sequences, and sets filling the whole depth of the stage, the Volksoper is the place to see gay Vienna come thumpingly alive. The curtain-call reprise of the lilting "Varasdin" tune from *Countess Maritza*, with the audience clapping along in time, is enough to make you apply for Austrian citizenship on the spot.

Everything's swinging in Vienna during the cold months. If you understand German, the Burgtheater (Austria's Comédie Française) is playing classics like Victor Hugo's *Maria Tudor* and Schnitzler's *Ruf des Lebens*. Even if you don't know a word of the language but appreciate productions in the grand (again, government subsidized) style, go anyway. It's worth the price of admission to stroll the great gilded promenade salons during the intervals, sipping champagne and checking out *Mitteleuropa*'s couture. And if you've seen Pinter's *Homecoming* or Strindberg's *Dance of Death* in English, it might be provocative to catch them in Viennese at the Akademietheater, the Burgtheater's annex for the avant-garde.

Full performances by Vienna's dancing white horses, the celebrated Lipizzaner, don't start until March 6. But from early January on you can watch a morning training session in the same white-and-gold marble palace hall where the performances take place, to the same recorded Mozart. It's almost as wondrous a sight, it costs a good deal less, and you can buy your ticket at the door instead of reserving in advance through a travel agent.

In summer the Lipizzaner are not in Vienna at all, and in summer you can hardly get into Demel's for the tourists clogging the aisles. The famed pastry shop is a lot more *gemütlich* in winter. A few minutes' walk from the Lipizzaner performance you can lunch on elegant little sandwiches and hot morsels, run amok over the pastry counter's *fantaisies* of chocolate and butter and rum and cream and eggs. Calorie guilt? *Schatzerl*, it's cold outside. You'll burn it all up on the walk to the Kunsthistorisches Museum to see the Brueghels or the Albertina to see the Rubens.

By the end of that evening's opera, play, or concert (you shouldn't miss Vienna's "special kind of sweet, vibrant string playing," to quote Irving Kolodin), you'll be in fine fettle for dinner at the best restaurant in town, the Drei Husaren. Since so many of its patrons come before or after performances, the Husaren closes down for summer vacation, just as the theaters and concert halls do, leaving July/August tourists bereft. But lucky winter travelers can feast on the restaurant's ineffable versions of schnitzel and goulash and old-fashioned hot desserts like *Palatschinken*, crepes stuffed with apricot jam, ground walnuts, or chocolate cream; and *Kaiserschmarrn*, a thick eggy pancake diced and dolloped with warm plum preserves. Elegant and expensive as the Drei Husaren is, it *is* consummately Viennese, which is to say *gemütlich*: brocaded armchairs and cozy alcoves, lots of old silver and soft candlelight, a pianist tinkling Lehar and Strauss.

If it's a bad night out when you're going to the opera, book a table at the Hotel Sacher's Red Bar (all claret-colored damask), right across the street from the opera house. Better yet, make an after-opera reservation at the Hotel Bristol, also right across the street, where the dining room recalls the luxury-liner magnificence of the *Queen Mary*. On winter evenings the staff light a fire and draw the tables round. It's quite a picture: the flames leaping in their marble palace of a fireplace, the red carpet lush under crystal chandeliers, the diners scintillating in evening dress. It's the local talent for winter *Gemütlichkeit* raised to a princely level. And the food is wonderful.

Vienna's appeal is its way of living pleasurably in its own past. But there is a young and/or with-it contingent whom you will encounter, logically, in the late-night places that stay open till 4, 5, or 6 A.M. Though the foremost of these—the Fledermaus—is named, perhaps campily, for the most *Alt Wien* of operas, in fact many of Central Europe's hippest record and TV stars made their debuts there, discovered and

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groomed by proprietor Gerhard Bronner, who is himself a TV performer, pop composer, and translator for Vienna's production of *Fiddler on the Roof*.

Then there is the Eden Bar, with sleek dance floor for what Vienna still refers to as its "Chet Sett"—the money boys and their ladies deep in mink and beauty-parlor hair. Sort of El Morocco 1958. Vienna gambles in a dressy casino in the Esterhazy Palace. Here, where Haydn once played his music, you can play blackjack, baccarat, and roulette. Dressiness is beside the point at places like the Moulin Rouge, Eve, Casanova—pseudo-Parisian nightclubs hawking more-or-less naughtiness in out-of-town-salesman style.

Things are a lot sexier at Hawelka, where young artists gather in a *Jugendstil* (Viennese Art Nouveau) coffeehouse hung with a selection of Viennese paintings, from nineteenth-century Romanticism to 1970's Fantastic Realism. The patrons discuss art, politics, and their love lives over hard liquor and soft *Buchteln*, the yeast buns Frau Hawelka keeps on coming by the fragrant trayful from her oven behind the bar. In Vienna even the raffish young like things cozy. —MARCIA COLMAN MORTON

The author of the standard works The Art of Viennese Cooking *and* The Art of Viennese Pastry, *Marcia Morton makes a pilgrimage to the city every year.*

Moscow

Muscovites are uneasy at the end of autumn, before winter takes hold. They say they feel better when the real freeze comes, the hard-edged cold that clears the air of vapors and dangerous viruses. There is nothing ambiguous about a Russian winter once the temperature drops. For weeks on end the thermometer may vary only between 15 below and 8 below zero Farenheit; the winter's steely edge doesn't permit leisurely walks outdoors.

On a clear day the winter sun plays on the deep pastels of old Moscow. Streets of prerevolutionary yellow row houses, the ochre plaster walls of old churches, the crumbling sea-green mansions now occupied by government offices—all seem in sharper focus, with their defects hidden by the snow. Here and there a half-forgotten church has been revitalized with a coat of white paint, decorated with bright orange and green trim, and its domes refurbished with squares of gold leaf.

To be reasonably comfortable for even short walks outdoors it is necessary to wear coats of natural fur. Russians love fake-fur coats and man-made fur linings because they are novelties, but they aren't warm enough for Moscow winters. Everyone wears two pairs of gloves, one heavier and one lighter, inside each other. Fur hats, preferably with earflaps, and a scarf underneath, protect heads from the piercing continental winds. Fleece-lined boots or thick felt *valenki*, designed for powdery Siberian snow, keep Russians' feet warm. Children have only a slit for their eyes left open between layers of scarves and sheepskin coats. The little ones often have a rope tied around their coats at the waistline to keep their body warmth from escaping. The handsome blue suede of policemen's coats is the reverse side of sheepskin, which makes the men appear bulky, but keeps them warm while they walk the Moscow beat.

The clear air and glare of bright sunlight on the snow are exhilarating, and there are compensations for having to stay in most of the time. Night after night Moscow's repertory companies offer a choice of a dozen plays. Most of the productions are twentieth-century classics that suit the mold of socialist realism—Gorki, Chekhov, Mayakovski, Bulgakov—each with a message that demonstrates the beliefs of the Communist party. The Moscow Art Theater presents large-scale productions in its main auditorium, plus more modestly staged plays in its smaller chamber theaters.

The nineteenth-century writers whose plays are shown, or upon whose works plays were later based, unfailingly demonstrate the innocent worth of the working masses in contrast to the unhappy decadence of the moneyed few. The Satire

Lining up for a view of Lenin and Stalin in wintry Red Square—"a shot of chilled vodka warms the blood."

Brian Brake: Rapho/Photo Researchers

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Theater, with irresistible humor, may try to get the same point across through gibes at bureaucracy or the nouveau riche. The Contemporary Theater, the Maly Theater, or the Vakhtangov Theater, named for the great director and teacher of drama, will not stray from the underlying theme of socialist realism, but the plays will vary in approach, from sentimental to historical. There are no love stories without patriotic backdrops to the action.

Even the most daring theater in Moscow, the Taganka, must hew to the socialist line. Situated in an old working-class district, stark in its uncovered, unpainted beams, the very air of the theater exudes dramatic excitement. Like most Moscow theaters, the Taganka houses a repertory company that performs a recurring cycle of plays. They are usually pageants of revolutionary history or Marxist heroes: *Ten Days that Shook the World*, Yessenin's *Pugachev*, Gorki's *Mother*, Brecht's *Good Woman of Szechuan*—all done with music, vitality, and unexpected visual effects. Any new play added to the repertoire must be approved by the censors of the Ministry of Culture, which means that after a great deal of effort to produce an innovative work, the production may be summarily closed down. In 1970 the Taganka produced a musical revue based on the poems of Andrei Voznesensky and entitled *Watch Out for Your Faces*. It was discontinued by the censors after two preview performances. Presumably a dance sequence, done in black tights, was considered too sensuous, and a few songs, to youth, urging youth to challenge authority were interpreted as provocative.

Despite the conformity to state-approved ideology, almost any play in Moscow is a satisfying dramatic event. Every production—from a factory workers' presentation of *The Lower Depths*, to the most professional efforts of the Moscow Art Theater, to the avant-garde Taganka, and including the Moscow circus—emerges from a long theatrical tradition with exacting standards. The performances by the actors invariably complement each other, a benefit of the repertory system. The actors are well trained, the costumes and staging are usually excellent.

An evening at the Bolshoi retains its prerevolutionary gilt-and-red-velvet splendor. To perceive any change it is necessary to look closely at the main stage before the lights go down: a myriad of gold hammers and sickles decorate the red-velvet curtain. When the curtain goes up it is hard not to be dazzled by the scale of the scenery, the lighting, the profusion of color, the precision of the dancers, the quality of the choruses.

Equally impressive are the grand-opera productions and ballet performances at the Kremlin's Palace of Congresses, a Moscow version of New York's Lincoln Center. The drama begins as one walks over the ancient cobblestones and through the Borovitsky Gate of the Kremlin wall to get to the theater. Snow on the walks, on old bronze cannons, and capping the golden onion domes of the Cathedral of the Assumption is the mark of the Russian winter as theatergoers approach the glass-walled entrance to the theater.

At the Bolshoi and every other Moscow theater or restaurant, it is considered *nekulturni*, or uncultured, to keep your coat with you. At the Palace of Congresses the first stop is at the basement level, at an enormous coatroom, to doff winter bundlings. Then, turning away from the coat checker, the visitor is faced with walls of floor-to-ceiling mirrors. It is a cheering winter sight to see so many theatergoers combing and patting their coiffures into place, touching up their lipstick, tugging their sweaters once more down onto their hips.

George Holton/Photo Researchers

Moscow's Bolshoi and patron saints—"even the most daring theater must hew to the socialist line."

Most Russians come straight from their offices to the theater, so they are usually dressed in daytime best: jersey dresses, Italian three-piece knits, or home-knit matching sweaters and skirts. Foreigners visiting Moscow have a choice of dressing casually for the theater, as Muscovites do, or dressing up as they would in the West, giving the Russians a bit of welcome elegance to stare at.

At Moscow theaters intermission is as much an event as the show. Everyone flocks to the buffet for cakes, sandwiches, and coffee that comes steaming from the espresso machine. At the Palace of Congresses, the audience ascends huge escalators set against the three-story glass wall at the entrance. Waiting for the escalators to reach the buffet at the top, theatergoers look out over the roofs and golden spires of the Kremlin, the czars' fortress that is still the seat of power in the Soviet Union. On the top floor are long tables set with blini; caviar and sour cream; apples; cakes; open sandwiches of garlicky sausage on thick, crusty bread; vodka; wine; and the little cups of strong coffee.

WINTER is the best time to appreciate the heavy Russian cuisine. Coming in from the sharp cold to the Aragvi, one of Moscow's best restaurants, a shot of chilled vodka, accompanied by caviar or smoked sturgeon, warms the blood. The waiter approaches each person at the table with hot Georgian flatbreads, wrapped in damask, so they can pull off a piece for themselves and warm their hands on it while they apply butter that quickly melts between the crusts.

At a traditional Russian meal the table is set with *zakuski*, a variety of "bites" that are usually smoked salmon, smoked eel, black caviar and black bread, and salads sometimes decorated with cabbage flowers tinted in beet juice. A Georgian specialty is smoked cheese melted in the oven, eaten hot with knife and fork and accompanied by the flat-

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bread. The *zakuska* is followed by a hot course that might be fried cabbage, sausage, and chunks of liver or other meat in a rich gravy. Often the second course is cabbage borscht with a spoonful of sour cream melting in it. Chicken Kiev is on the menu but rarely available. Fried chicken with a vegetable stuffing may take its place and is almost as delicious. The Baku restaurant, which is a meeting place for Azerbaijani away from home, serves shashlik with spicy balls of ground lamb. The dessert is Moscow Sundae, vanilla ice cream with strawberry jam and ladyfingers.

Even if you are eating all your meals in restaurants, it is fascinating to visit Moscow's food markets. The ordinary state stores are grim cement cubicles with little color or variety, but the *rynki*, or farmers' markets, offer a profusion of flowers from the south, plus tomatoes and cucumbers at outrageous prices. There you will see round old ladies in white aprons and head scarves selling their own home-produced curds and cream, pickles and sauerkraut. Before Easter farmers bring their hand-painted wooden eggs, boxes, and mushroom-shaped kopeck banks for sale. The state bread stores fill your nostrils with heady scents. The biggest bread store is on Kalinin Prospekt, the "golden mile" of modern buildings near the center of the city. In the bins of rolls are large-pronged forks, to let buyers poke about and make sure the bread is fresh.

Another day of shopping can be spent in the *komissionnye*, or state resale stores, looking at nineteenth-century paintings, chandeliers, and copies of French porcelains. Old copper pans with wooden handles and brass samovars appear for sale from time to time. One store sells old furniture—Empire couches and cabinets with leaded windows, which are charming to look at but hard to bring back home.

In addition to the Russian Souvenir Store and the Beriozka (White Birch) stores where souvenirs can be purchased with foreign currency, one shop on Kutuzofsky Prospekt features traditional and modern crafts. Brightly painted clay peasant dolls have a clownish humor; the detailed scenes on lacquer Palekh boxes are painted with hairline refinement. From the Baltic states come handwoven cloth and wall hangings that demonstrate the people's kinship to their Scandinavian neighbors. Soviet wood-block prints, already placed in lightweight frames, illustrate scenes from Lenin's life or glorify the proletariat.

Almost everyone who travels to Moscow buys a fur hat at one of the foreign-currency stores. These stores also have huge flowered shawls—squares of gossamer wool edged in long fringes—that look wonderful with solid colors or with the gypsy dresses in current style. One Beriozka sells central Asian carpets at reasonable prices.

Exploring Moscow's wealth of museums is one of its major indoor pleasures. The Treatyakov Gallery has superb icons, traditional Russian paintings, and an interesting collection of Soviet art glorifying workers and partisan heroes of World War II. The Pushkin Museum is famous for its French Impressionist collection—Manet, Monet, and Renoir—as well as paintings by Gauguin, Picasso, and Matisse that are truly breathtaking.

Intourist guides usually steer their charges to the exhibition of U.S.S.R. Economic Achievements, which is worth seeing in small doses. The best part of it is the traditional winter entertainment of riding in the troika at the Botanical Gardens attached to the exhibition. Nearby is the Sheremyetsevo Palace, or Serf's Museum, a grand house built by the famed nobleman for his young mistress. It came complete with a stage that could be lowered on pulleys so she could display her acting talents for his guests.

To get a flavor of old Russian life on a smaller scale, the Boyar's Museum in the park surrounding the modern Rossiya Hotel and Tolstoi's house in Moscow are both instructive and enjoyable.

Moscow is, of course, greener and warmer in summer, but to enter the real spirit of Russia it is necessary to visit in winter. In the sparkle of a winter's noonday sun, or even in the impressionistic outlines of a street scene in the fog of a sudden thaw, a visitor can be enveloped in the romantic arms of that strength that survives all adversity. Walking the streets of Moscow are the same Russians who laughed at winter and used it to turn back Napoleon and Hitler.

—LEONA P. SCHECTER

Leona P. Schecter is the co-author, with her husband and five children, of An American Family in Moscow, *Little, Brown and Co., 1975.*

London

HER MAJESTY is expecting you. Unlike her distant ancestor of a thousand years ago, Ethelred II, the Unready, Elizabeth II is quite prepared to receive you in her kingdom on the occasion of her Silver Jubilee, the twenty-fifth anniversary of her succession to the throne.

It is not a state secret that the Queen prefers racehorses to dancers—her mother, "The Queen Mum," and her sister, The Princess Margaret, are avid balletomanes—yet it was she who created the first royal ballets in the history of the British Empire; the Royal Winnipeg Ballet was given its royal charter in 1953, and three years later the world-famous Sadler's Wells Ballet became the Royal Ballet.

Winter, of course, is the time to attend ballet and, especially, dazzling world premieres in Europe, for in summer, except for a few festival appearances, royal and state ballets are on deserved holiday.

The Royal Ballet is in residence at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. During January, those balletomanes who prefer the great Russian classics, which have been irreverently described as "tutu Tchaikovsky," will be able to see the Royal's celebrated productions of *Swan Lake* and *The Nutcracker* (Petipa-Ivanov-Tchaikovsky), as well as Sir Frederick Ashton's re-creation of the world's oldest extant ballet, *La Fille Mal Gardée*. Sir Fred's choreographic tribute to Edward Elgar, *Enigma Variations*, and Kenneth MacMillan's enormously popular *Romeo and Juliet* are on view this month. Highlights for February will include the Royal's first presentation of the late John Cranko's masterpiece, *Onegin*, in the production mounted first by the Stuttgart Ballet, and in March there will be the world premiere of *Humoresque*, by John Neumeier (an American) to music of Mahler, in addition to MacMillan's sex-rooted *Triad* and a ballet that I consider one of the most perfect of all time, Sir Frederick's luminously beautiful *A Month in the Country*.

Thirty years ago, when the Royal Ballet was still the Sadler's Wells Ballet, Dame Ninette de Valois, its founder-

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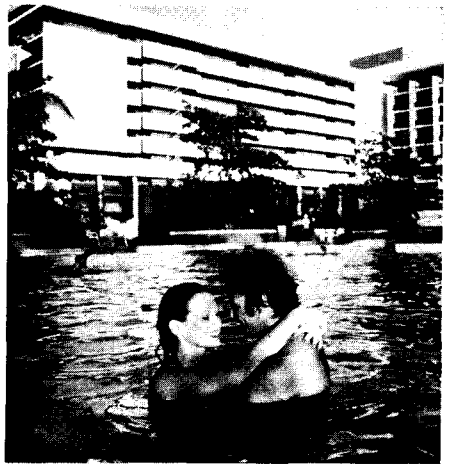
The Other Summer.

The Other Puerto Rico.



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director, established a second company called the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, whose chief function was to tour Britain. Several titles later, it has now been officially designated Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet, with the historic Sadler's Wells Theatre as its home base. I asked a Covent Garden official where this "Second Royal" would be playing during, say, January, February, and March, and he replied: "Almost anywhere; you can't miss it."

Very special "in" ballet enterprises are performances by the Royal Ballet Choreographic Group directed by Leslie Edwards, principal mime of the Royal Ballet and ballet master to the Royal Opera. The group commissions new choreography, new musical scores, and new stage and costume designs for its workshop. Young choreographers are given a showcase, and even a major ballerina such as Lynn Seymour can try her hand at choreography here. Stars, as well as ensemble members, of both royal troupes give their services for these experimental shows. The only hitch is that attendance is limited to "Friends of Covent Garden" members, but Mr. Edwards tells me that there is an active and growing American membership. At any rate, this group will perform January 30 at the New London Theater in a program of four new ballets by members of the Royal Ballet and two by choreographic novices from Sadler's Wells Royal.

The traveling balletomane should also be alert to performances by Britain's oldest ballet company, Ballet Rambert, by London Festival Ballet, by the Scottish ballet, Ballet for All, and other distinguished groups. For those who are modern-dance oriented, the place to go in London is The Place, the home of the London Contemporary Dance Theater and its school, which are rooted in the Martha Graham technique and headed by Robert Cohan. The group is so popular that Cohan frequently divides it into two units in order to fill booking requests throughout the United Kingdom and on the Continent. Like Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet, you'll find the London Contemporary Dance Theater, in whole or in part, anywhere and everywhere.

EVEN balletomanes must eat, and London has many fine dining establishments frequented by dancers and/or ballet- and theater-goers. A *glissade* and *pas-de-chat* (and perhaps a *jeté*) from the stage door of the Royal Opera House is the famous old Nag's Head, where you will find everyone from a stagehand to a *premier danseur* slaking his thirst. Across and down the street from the front of the House is the Marquess of Anglesey upstairs pub, and around the corner is Nell of Old Drury.

Especially popular with dancers and their fans is nearby Luigi's. The food, as one might guess, has some Italian specialties, but Leslie Edwards introduced me to a fabulous fish (tiny-tiny) appetizer of whitebait. Dancers, after dancing, home in on steaks, and Luigi's are excellent; and for that ballerina sweet, how about a maple-nut meringue?

On the walls you will find floor-to-ceiling photographs of almost everyone from Sally Eilers, Madge Evans, and Virginia Bruce of moviedom of yore to the Royal Ballet's handsome idol, Anthony Dowell.

Quite elegant, quiet, and very "in" is The Grange, where you will find dance critics and writers (if you are not averse to such), as well as the more affluent dancers. A bit farther away, but still within easy walking distance of Covent Garden, is that stunning restaurant, Inigo Jones, named for the celebrated architect and stage designer of ballet masques who delighted the immediate successors of the first Elizabeth. The restaurant, located in a restored building where stained glass had been made, has a beautiful stained-glass decor and old religious statuary, but a modern menu of excellent dishes expertly served. (Great steak tartare and a pastry tray lethal to dieters.)

The Neal Street Restaurant—big, light, and airy, and right around the corner from a Japanese garden built into the site of a World War II bomb crater, thus obscuring destruction with growing beauty—is first rate, too. (Somewhat distant from Covent Garden but frequented by ballet and arts lovers is Odin's Restaurant on Devonshire Street, very classy, quite expensive, English-money-only accepted, but worth the exploration of mushroom brioche appetizer, sole with bernaise, and other goodies.)

Although the markets are gone, old Covent Garden, with its stalls and arcades and plazas and alleys, is still there. New shops are springing up, and new theaters (intimate, experimental, dinner) are emerging. To stroll the byways of ancient Covent Garden is in itself worth a trip to England.

If, in the midst of ballet-going, shopping, and exploring Covent Garden, one yearns for a moment of serenity, turn into the gardens of little St. Paul's Church, known as "The Actors' Church," built in

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1631. On the interior walls are plaques commemorating those who are buried there, among them Sophie Fedorovitch, designer of many ballets, including Ashton's first. On her stone are the Longfellow lines:

> Loveliness was more resplendent
> made
> By the mere passing of that cavalcade
> With plumes and cloaks and housings.

Traveling by British Airways provides an unintentional briefing on English speech, so that you are prepared to ask for the ballet "shedule" in place of the "skedule," and when "ringing up" (not telephoning) the Royal Opera House to "book" (not reserve) seats for the ballet, you will give the number not as "two four oh one two oh oh" (or "one two hundred") but as "one two double oh." I asked for "double naught" but, allowing for a polite pause, was accommodated.

—WALTER TERRY

NO POET ever wrote, "Oh, to be in England, now that January's there!" Completely uncelebrated by Robert Browning is the fact that in January London is ten degrees warmer and at least ten miles an hour less windy than New York. Or more important still (if Browning had wanted to take Elizabeth Barrett to see *A Chorus Line*), January and February are the easiest months for theater tickets.

Browning has left it to Robert Morley to celebrate the inexpensive theater packages that are now offered by airlines flying to London from American cities. Although Morley spreads the felicitous word on behalf of British Airways, similar arrangements are also proffered by Air India, Pan American World Airways, and TWA. For those who would leave from the South, National Airlines has direct Miami–London flights with similarly attractive hotel and theater-ticket combinations. Indeed, Miami residents might find National's nightly flight to London a great way to escape the January heat and the influx of winter tourists who come seeking it.

The low-cost combination of a visit to London with tickets to a show has lured many a non-theatergoer into a seat in the London theater. A certain status has arisen among these new traveling theatergoers. Returning travelers tend to talk with enthusiasm about seeing a play that hasn't yet—and may never—come to Broadway.

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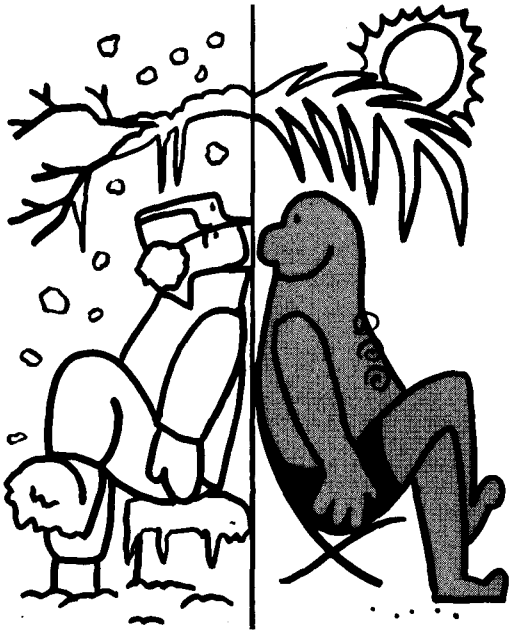

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Somehow it doesn't seem to matter that only a few London attractions could survive an American transplanting. With tickets priced at less than half the Broadway scale, the atmosphere becomes more conducive to enjoying moderately entertaining shows, well-performed revivals, or the famous British Christmas Pantomimes like *Cinderella,* which are on only in January, February, and March.

Because there is so much theater available, visiting theatergoers should do a little homework before they leave America. A good public library or a newsstand that carries foreign magazines may have a copy of the latest issue of *Plays and Players*. This magazine carries long reviews of plays that opened during the previous month, a schedule of the current month's openings, and a listing of London shows with either a brief description or a witty critical comment. "You go out humming the tunes as long as you came in knowing them," was a recent line. The January issue customarily contains a critics' poll in which twenty leading British critics discuss the season and vote for their favorite performances and plays. For instance, the issue of January, 1976, would have yielded the information that the critics rated Sir John Gielgud's performance as the unkempt poet in Harold Pinter's *No Man's Land* the best. *No Man's Land* returns in February to the Lyttelton Theater to join in repertory Tom Stoppard's *Jumpers* (a previous winner of the critics' Best Play Vote), *Blithe Spirit*, and Alan Aycbourn's latest, *Bedroom Farce*.

The Lyttelton, which opened last March, is one of three theaters that occupy the conspicuous new National Theater complex on the South Bank of the Thames. The second, which opened in October, is the Olivier, and playing there are excellent revivals of *Playboy of the Western World* and Goldoni's *Il Campiello*, both of which employ the Olivier's unusual Greek stage in highly adapted arrangements. Also coming up at the Olivier are two new plays, *Force of Habit* and *Tales from the Vienna Woods*. The third theater, The Cottesloe, is not yet open, but it is a rearrangeable space that will give the National's actors the chance to work on material mainly for their own development.

The gray-concrete architecture of the National has been much criticized. However, everyone seems to agree that once you get inside and take your cup of tea out on the balcony, you have a fantastic view of London.

Ordinary theatergoers walk from the Underground stop at Waterloo up steps and through tunnels and passageways to get to the National Theater. A slightly shorter way would be to dine at the Savoy and walk to the theater across storied Waterloo Bridge.

Even closer to the posh hotel and its superb restaurant, the Savoy Grill, where you can eat either before or after the theater, are the Drury Lane, Covent Garden Opera House, and the Aldwych, London home of the Royal Shakespeare Company. The RSC, which has recently sent New York such delights as *Travesties*, *Sherlock Holmes*, and *Henry V*, is currently offering a gentle Russian romantic comedy, *Old World*, by Aleksei Arbuzov, which stars Dame Peggy Ashcroft as a talkative woman who captures the affections of her professionally disapproving doctor, played by Anthony Quayle. This two-character play alternates with an eighteenth-century comedy, *Wild Oats*, and in mid-February will be joined by the world premiere of Peter Nichols's *Privates on Parade*.

Enemy of the People has closed, but Donald Sinden can be seen at Stratford-upon-Avon in *King Lear* and *Much Ado About Nothing*, which, along with *Romeo and Juliet, Troilus and Cressida, Comedy of Errors*, and *A Winter's Tale* will play there until January 29. Ticket libraries offer Stratford excursions that include a performance at the theater. Or if you want to motor through the Cotswolds, you might want to stay overnight at the famous Lygon Arms Hotel, some fifteen miles away in a village called Broadway. This Broadway has no theater, and most of its not-very-bright lights are out by 11 P.M. Hotel guests may, however, drink by the fire as late as they wish.

ALTHOUGH the National and the RSC are the two major subsidized theaters, other important ones to check are the Royal Court, the Young Vic, the Hampstead Theatre Club, the Mermaid, and Joan Littlewood's Theatre Royal at Stratford East in London's East End, where *Oh What a Lovely War* and *The Hostage* were first done. A recent off-trail success, *The Thoughts of Chairman Alf*, starring Warren Mitchel as a working-class chauvinist, the British counterpart of Archie Bunker, has been moved to Piccadilly Circus for a regular run.

The 1976 crop of plays will be evaluated in the January issue of *Plays and Players*, but the critics will be hard put to pick a Best New Play. Candidates still on the boards include Michael Frayn's *Donkey's Years*, a frequently effective farce about goings-on at a college reunion; Denis Cannan's *Dear Daddy*, in which three grown-up children and an ex-wife show up at a family meeting to indict a benevolent but selfish head-of-household; Tom Stoppard's *Dirty Linen & New-Found-Land*, a short parody of illicit activities by members of Parliament; and Stewart Parker's *Spokesong*, a cheerful comedy set in a bicycle shop in bomb-torn Belfast. However, none of these has received the degree of praise that was awarded to the still-running *Otherwise Engaged*, Simon Gray's bitter comedy about a publisher whose exercise of intelligence seems to end up hurting those around him. *Otherwise Engaged* edged out *Comedians* for the 1975 award.

Much easier for the critics will be their choice of Best New Musical. *A Chorus Line* has little competition. The most successful *Side by Side by Sondheim* is a highly civilized evening of lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, sung by three personable stars and neatly strung together with cleverly improvised narration by the disarmingly detached Ned Sherrin, but it is casual entertainment. And the African musical *Ipi Tombi* has a very slight story on which to hang its colorful dances. The revival of *Irene* is very popular but is too old-fashioned to compete, even if it were eligible.

In London it is usually possible to obtain seats for most shows the day of performance, and for the biggest hits three days ahead of time. The arriving theatergoer can buy *What's On in London* (25 cents), which lists the plays, a very brief description of each, the curtain times, theater telephone numbers, and usually the nearest Underground station. In addition to the West End listings, there are short sections devoted to Theatre Clubs, Pub Theatres, Lunchtime, For Children, Music Hall, Outer London, and Out of London (including Stratford-upon-Avon) performances. The publication also contains information about many restaurants, with table d'hôte prices and dining and drinking times. And without any attempt to separate the clip joints from the

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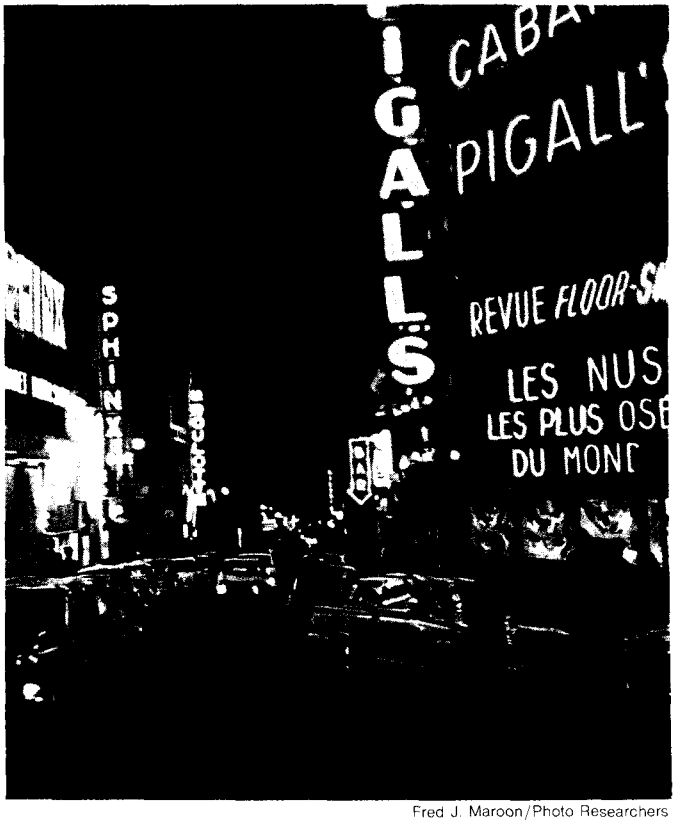
"hip" joints, it lists the discothèques, nightclubs, and the late-night restaurants where there is dancing. For more details and criticism of freshly opened plays, plus a very useful section on what will be available the coming week on TV, there is the magazine *Time Out*. It is essential if you want to explore the fringe theater, where more and more of the serious and avant-garde works are being created.

In the theater district, The Ivy, Terrazza, and the Savoy Grill are favorite spots. Hard Rock, a recently opened hamburger and hot apple pie saloon near Hyde Park Corner, is very popular with the younger crowd. For nightlife, there are clubs, some of which can admit you upon payment of an overseas temporary-membership fee. For rock music and good food, Speakeasy features a different live rock group every night and charges modest fees. For jazz, Ronnie Scott's. For gambling, there is the famous Crockford's, where the sandwich was invented, Ladbroke's, and the Playboy Club. Temporary members must wait two days before being allowed to wager. High-society elegance shines at Annabelle's, and professional left-wingers flock to Zanzibar, but, as at the gambling clubs, you must be accompanied by a member to get in.

Those intent on visiting a private club and who don't have entrée through a member can get in touch with Take-a-Guide. This agency will find a member to take you to whatever club you wish to visit, and will even place a bet on your behalf if you can't wait two days. A car and a guide for three hours cost about $28 plus tip. —HENRY HEWES

Horse Guards in the snow—"No poet ever wrote, 'Oh, to be in England, now that January's there!' "



Fred J. Maroon/Photo Researchers

Pigalle in the Paris night—"farther on, the chalky puffs of Sacré Coeur."

Paris

As every balletomane knows, Paris is the cradle of classical ballet. Indeed, the first ballet academy was established by command of Louis XIV, himself an accomplished dancer, back in 1661. Le Ballet de l'Opéra, known to most of us as the Paris Opera Ballet, is the inheritor of ballet traditions that span more than three centuries. Its present, and newly appointed, director is Violette Verdy, a longtime favorite ballerina with American audiences by reason of her many years as a principal of the New York City Ballet.

The opera house itself, designed by Charles Garnier and completed a century ago—dancers and artists refer to it as "the Garnier"—is the world's most lavish, ornate, glittering theater. By comparison, modern performing-arts centers seem little more than theater factories. To mount the imperial staircase, or to promenade in the great golden salon, is more than worth a trip to Paris. And if you are a ballet fan, well! To see the Foyer de la Danse and to visit the Musée de l'Opéra are the dance equivalents of visiting Notre Dame. Here, a *plié* becomes a genuflection in the presence of awesome ballet history.

The Foyer de la Danse is back of the great stage itself, and for superspectacles, it is possible to open up the entire complex so that the audience, looking across the vast and deep stage of the Opéra and the length of the Foyer into a mirror at the far end of the ancient dance room, experiences

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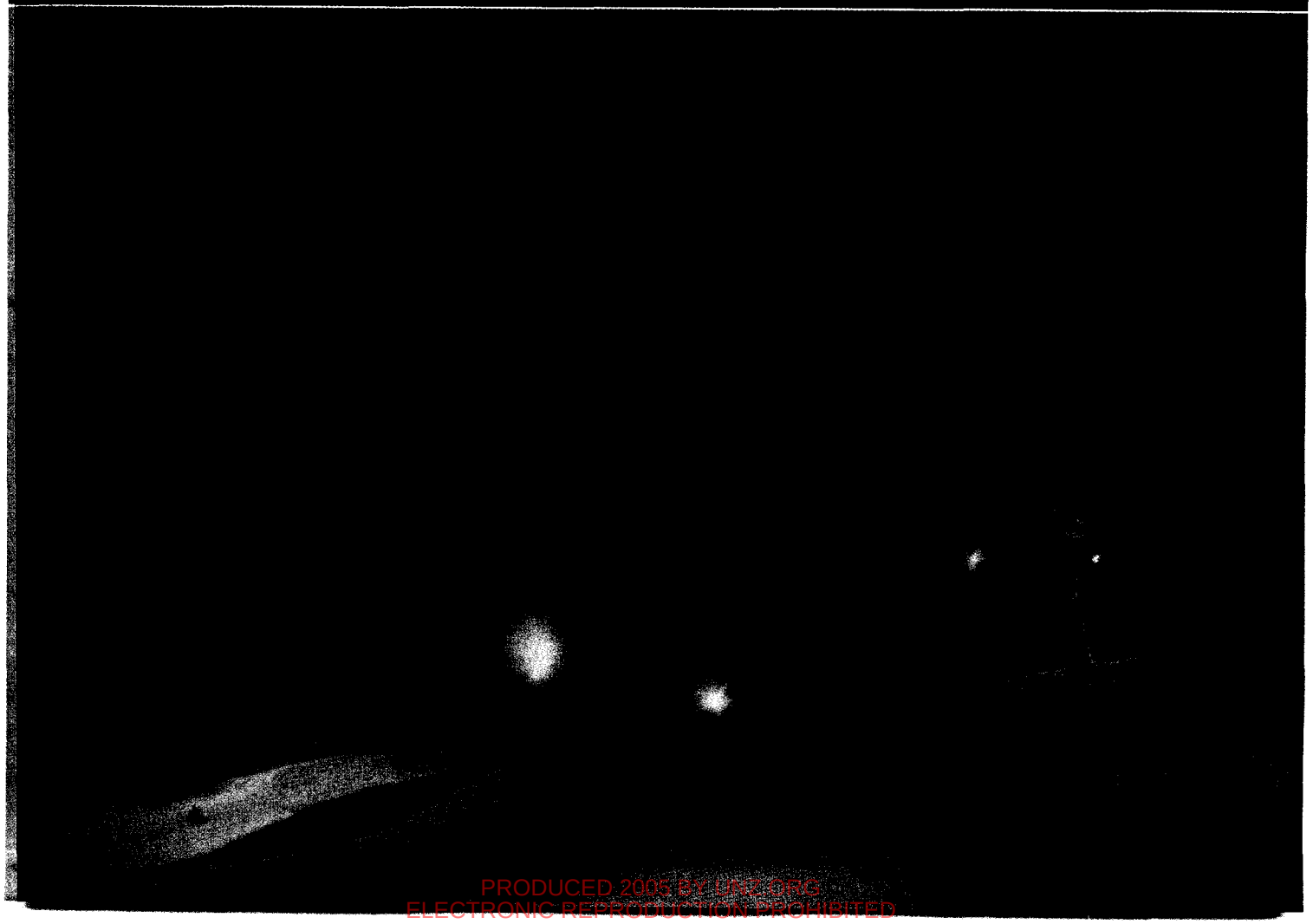

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a vista of theatrical infinity. The portrait medallions surrounding the ceiling of the Foyer begin with Lafontaine (1681), the world's first professional ballerina, and include such as Camargo and Sallé, who changed the course of ballet history, La Guimard of the "roguish" eyes, and still other great *reines de la danse.*

The theater museum, located elsewhere in the Garnier, can best be described as *fantastique.* All of the treasures are too numerous to be on view at any one time but the ballet lover will see a cloth-of-gold costume from 1680; original costume sketches by Bérain, Lamy, and others; huge paintings of dancers; marble busts; showcases of miniature sets and of costumes; toe shoes worn by the great Marie Taglioni, who made *pointe* dancing mandatory for all female dancers and who ushered in the romantic age of ballet in 1832 with *La Sylphide,* choreographed by her father, Philippe.

American ballet-goers who visit Paris will have an opportunity to see a restaging of this historic ballet performed this month and into next. This is not the *La Sylphide* of 1836 that August Bournonville staged for the Royal Danish Ballet, and with which American audiences are so familiar (and of course it is not to be confused at all with Fokine's *Les Sylphides*), but it employs the original Schneitzhoeffer score, costumes copied from the Lamy (or Lami) originals, and as much of the Taglioni choreography as possible, researched and restaged by Pierre Lacotte. Also on the program will be another rare ballet item, a *pas de deux* from *Papillon* (1860), the only ballet ever choreographed by Marie Taglioni. It was created for her pupil and protegée, Emmy Livry, who was burned to death in a stage fire before she could fulfill Taglioni's dreams for her. Lacotte, using Taglioni's own written descriptions of her dances, has recreated the duet.

Yuri Grigorovitch's *Ivan the Terrible*, seen by American audiences during the Bolshoi Ballet's last visit to New York, is now being performed in an Opera Ballet production. The Paris dancers, headed by Jean Guizerix in the title part, Wilfride Piollet as Anastasie, and the dashing Michael Denard as the villainous Kourbski, are a huge hit. Extra performances are already being announced.

Look closely among the supporting dancers and you will see that dazzling gold-medal winner at last summer's International Ballet Competition in Bulgaria, seventeen-year-old Patrick Dupond.

The ballet of the Paris Opera by no means has a monopoly on dance activities in the capital. Maurice Béjart's Ballet du XX^{e} Century, resident at the Théâtre Royale de la Monnaie in Brussels and one of the most popular troupes in Europe will be in Paris in February at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées to perform Béjart's new *Le Molière Imaginaire* which combines pure dancing, speech, and a commissioned score by Nino Rota, composer of cinema music (all Fellini films and also *The Godfather*).

Where do dancers and balletomanes dine in Paris? The list is too long to publish and the names of the superspots are already known. However, in the environs of the Place de l'Opéra, one might mention the small but elegant Restaurant Drouant, patronized by ballet fans who are food fans too. There is, of course, the Café de l'Opéra, very posh, and right across the street, an unposh spot appropriately named Café Terpsichore. —WALTER TERRY

Montreal

DRIVING me into New York City from La Guardia Airport not long ago, a taxi driver asked, "Where are you from?"

"Montreal."

"That," he allowed, beaming, "is my favorite city in the United States."

Actually, since Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys held the city for a few months in 1775—with old Ben Franklin churning out pamphlets in English and French, inviting our citizenry to join in the rebellion—it has remained Ca-

Across the River and into the Frieze

> . . . Paris spreads its fan of famous old beauties in felicitous groupings, and not so distant that they lose their distinct qualities . . . the Seine and the rhythm of its bridges, some darting efficiently across the river, the slower-paced Pont Neuf [see cover] held back by the pauses of semicircle that once were shops and the spur of the Square du Vert-Galant under it. Across the river, the dour towers and walls of the Conciergerie (Palais de Justice) backed by the squat unfinished towers of Notre Dame, the heavy group lifted by the flight of the delicate spear of Sainte Chapelle. Farther off, the big dome of the Panthéon, echoed by the Invalides dome and, as the eye moves closer to the river again, the full, large restatement in the dome of the French Institute (Académie Française). To the right, the ubiquitous Eiffel Tower and the Arc de Triomphe at the end of a straight trench which turns out to be the Champs Elysées. As you turn, the tower of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the parish church of French kings when the Louvre was the royal house and the burial place of many French artists of the 17th to the 19th centuries. Beyond it, the plump glass in iron corsets of the Grand Palais and farther on, the chalky puffs of Sacré Coeur. The eye returns over the gray waves of mansard and spume of chimney pots, past the soot and white streaks of the old church of St. Eustace. . . .
>
> —*Kate Simon in* Kate Simon's Paris, Places and Pleasures, *Capricorn Books (Putnam) 1971*

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Sport on Mount Royal—"this is winter's city."

nadian territory. More often than not, to the embarrassment of the rest of the country. For Montreal, since it was founded in 1642, is a city with a history of being in and out of trouble, serious trouble, given, unlike better-behaved Canadian communities, to outsize politicians, riots, graft on a scale unrivaled elsewhere, scandal, gang warfare, and moments of grandeur. We are, after all, the obstreperous progeny of a sometimes volatile mixed marriage between the English and the French, yet to be housebroken. Like Torontonians.

Ours is the city that has given Canada, and the rest of the world, Pierre Elliott Trudeau; Maurice "The Rocket" Richard; a card-holding Communist M.P., Fred Rose; a McGill medical student, Thomas Neill Cream, who many feel was the real Jack the Ripper; bombs exploding in mailboxes in the Sixties; a butcher shop called Notre Dame de Grâce Kosher Meat Mart; the smoked-meat sandwich, a delicacy not to be confused with pastrami; and a St. Patrick's Day parade, the majority of whose marchers are French-speaking, albeit named Shaughnessy or O'Toole. Jean-Guy Shaughnessy, Euclid O'Toole.

In 1967, our golden year, there was Expo; and last year, the Olympic Games.

Even in a city with a past as exuberantly wanton as ours, there has never, in my experience, been a party quite like it, leaving a bemused populace with a bill for better than a billion. But before anyone unfortunate enough to have been born outside Montreal and its environs can properly appreciate the cost of our hubris, or the dazzling footwork of that most daring of trapeze artists, His Worship, Jean Drapeau, it is necessary to offer the briefest of primers on the city's politics and some of its more unconventional practitioners.

Where I was raised, on the wrong side of Mount Royal, the reputedly extinct volcano in which our city is embedded, I served my political apprenticeship, like many another impecunious student, by compiling a list of the recent dead for our local alderman. For a further consideration, older brothers then voted for the untimely departed, sometimes as often as twenty times on election day.

The fabled mayor of our World War II boyhood, Camilien Houde, served time in the slammer, a premature peacenik, having advised healthy young French Canadians to tear up their registration cards rather than fight in a British imperialist war. He emerged, only to be re-elected and reward us with a postwar cornucopia of sin—openly operated bordellos and gambling casinos, there to cater to all imaginable tastes, if not everybody's purse. Our roistering city became possibly the most wide open on the continent. Enter, in the Fifties, gang-buster "Pax" Plante and a relatively unknown young lawyer named Jean Drapeau. First elected mayor in 1954, Drapeau not only cleaned up the city but gave us a metro system, Expo, the Olympics, and, as we hunker down to contend with another winter, the possibility that we are looking bankruptcy in the face.

Not to worry, for this is winter's city, and, come the snows of December, *les Canadiens sont là!*, which is to say, we have more important things to worry about, such as Guy Lafleur's wrist shot, the emergence of Mario Tremblay, and aging Yvan Cornoyer being a crucial step slower beyond the blue line. Come winter Montreal remains, above all, a hockey town, and such are our demands on this city's legendary champions, *les Canadiens*, that we not only expect them to win the Stanley Cup again, we feel affronted if they don't. *Le Club de Hockey Canadiens*, I should point out, is a team unlike any other in sport, not mere hired hands, strangers, but, from Maurice "The Rocket" Richard through Jean Beliveau to the present reign of the elegant Guy Lafleur, largely *Québecois* in origin. Our own people. Saturday night is hockey night in Montreal. For as long as I can remember, the choice seats in the Forum, the game's undisputed temple, have been passed down from father to son, a cultural inheritance. Many people still dress for the Saturday-night game, an occasion, first stopping at the Maritime Bar in the Ritz Carlton Hotel for *crêpes aux crabes* or *scampi à l'absinthe*. Another favorite restaurant on hockey night is Chez Pauzé, closer to the Forum, on St. Catherine Street, where you can fortify yourself against the cold with Winnipeg Goldeye or Malpèque oysters. After the game, others will repair to Schwartz's, on the Main, where the best smoked-meat sandwiches in town are available.

Ah, the Main.

The Main, or more properly, St. Lawrence Boulevard, was once the essential street of Montreal's working-class Jewish community. Here we chinned the bar in the attic of the Young Israel synagogue, acquired a first pair of long pants, studied the Talmud, and skipped school to catch the strip-teasers at the Roxy or the Silver Palace. This street of dilapidated shops is now the preserve of more recent immigrants, Greek, Italian, and Portuguese, and, between the clothing factories and dry-goods wholesalers, it still boasts some of the best butcher shops and bakeries in town. Not far from the Main, on St. Viateur, there still stands our one and only Bagel Factory, and as late at 2 A.M. on frosty nights, locals join a winding queue outside, blowing on their hands, knocking their feet together to keep warm, as they mix with ladies in mink coats and glittering evening gowns, men in dinner jackets, everybody waiting his turn for a bag of hot bagels, eased out of the oven on long planks even as you wait.

In a city with a well-deserved reputation for fine restaurants, arguably serving the best French food on the continent, eating out is a serious business. Restaurants are selected

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vith care. Chez Bardet, a favorite of French politicians and ıublishers, may be a little out of the way, on Henri Bourassa Boulevard, but it is certainly the best place for *haute cuisine*, hough I find it somewhat pretentious, erring on the side of ›ppressive elegance. One of the most reliable Montreal guides, *Smith's Montreal* (Knopf, 1976, 300 pp., $4.95), ›bserves of another popular restaurant, Les Halles on Cres-ent Street, that it is "enormously popular with the 'in' crowd ›f divorcées, businessmen, PR types, and so forth." Be that ıs it may, it also offers the best hot French bread in town ınd a good lunch, reasonably priced. In Old Montreal, re-ently restored and now, alas, teetering on the edge of quaintness, the best restaurant is easily Le St. Amable, offer-ng a fine *caille à la mode Landaise* (roast quail stuffed with *oie gras*) and, in season, incomparably good Gaspé salmon.

Last year, to our astonishment, the leaves actually began o turn in July. Autumn was with us in August. Winter, our ongest season, begins in November, usually with the first big ›lizzard and, come March, most of us have had quite enough ›f slushy streets, slippery sidewalks, flu, dead batteries, and urnace breakdowns. It can, at times, be punishingly cold ıere, below-zero weather the norm for ten days or more, ınd the snow is with us well into April, sometimes even May. Each winter, we enjoy at least one big blow, a howling bliz-ard that brings the city to a dead stop for two or three days. The milkman doesn't come. Schools close. Power lines are ›lown over. Cars are abandoned right in the middle of some ›f our busiest streets. Breathless television and radio news-casters tell of miraculous rescues by snowmobile of pregnant adies or heart-attack victims. Men over forty are earnestly warned not to push cars. Even so, the truth is we all look forward to the big one; it's fun, the kids sprung from school ınd their fathers phoning home from their downtown offices o say there is absolutely no way they can make it home, and ›romptly taking to the streets, bent into the wind, scaling snowdrifts, sliding down hills, repairing with their secretaries to the nearest hotel bar for warmth and consolation.

Then, without warning, one day in late April or early May, the streets are suddenly rushing with water. Snow shrinks back, revealing soggy brown lawns. The rivers flood. Spring, in this country, lasts but an afternoon, and if you lie down for a nap on the wrong afternoon it's quite possible to miss it. Within twenty-four hours it's summer again, we have won the Stanley Cup again, and everybody rushes out to the end-of-season, not-to-be-missed, once-in-a-lifetime ski sales. —MORDECAI RICHLER

One of the best known among popular Canadian writers, Mordecai Richler is the author of The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz.

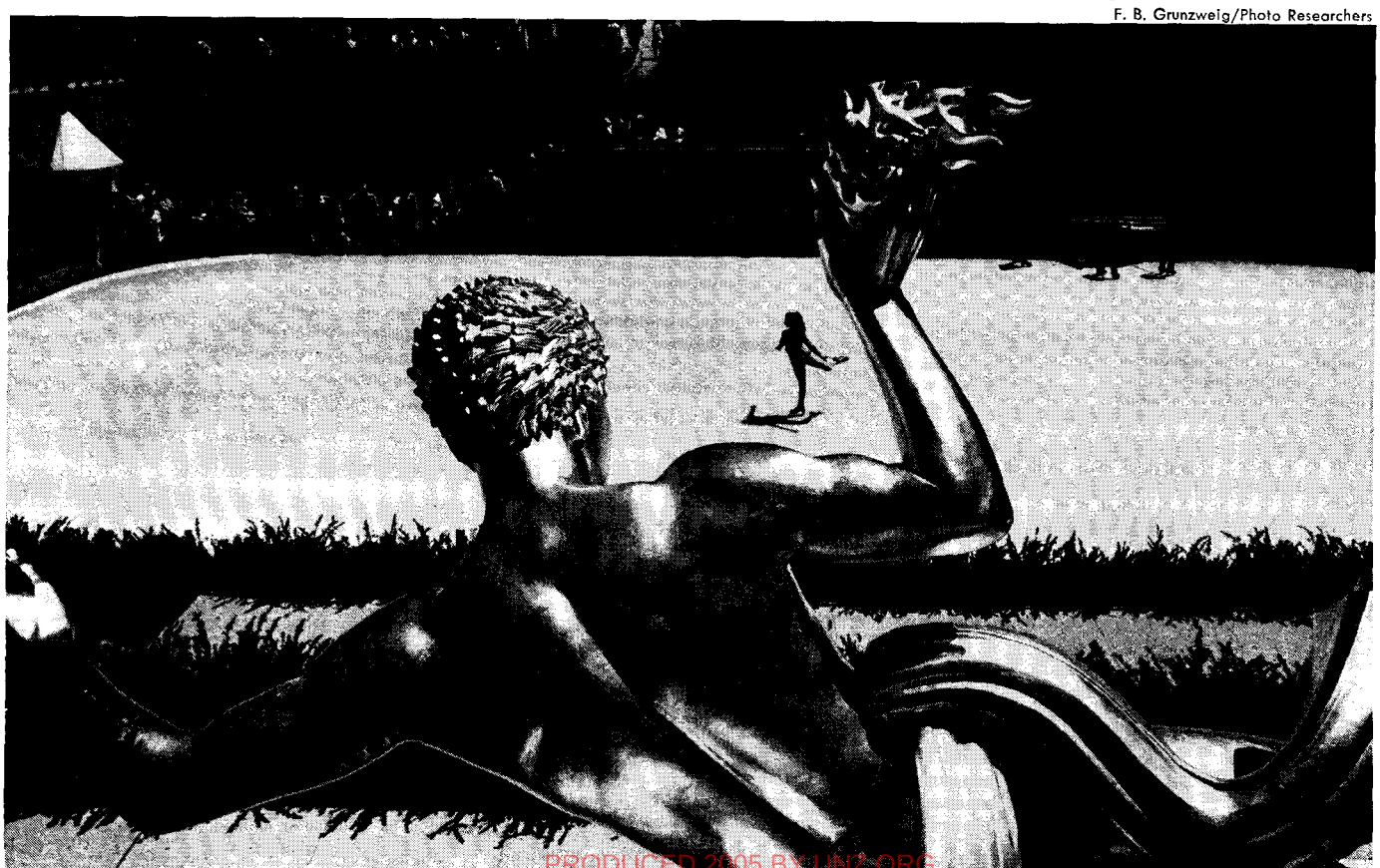
New York

IT ISN'T in the spring that people in New York think to themselves: "Well, we made it through another year." That comes some late-autumn afternoon when the air has turned very clear, the light withdraws up the sides of buildings that are looking very clean, and suddenly what we smell is external, not internal, combustion. A cart with a pan of burning coals is roasting chestnuts just north of St. Patrick's Cathedral. The city lives at cross-purposes with nature: cold, not heat, brings it to life.

It is during the fall and winter that the sense of renewal is at its height, for as one place dies another comes to life. Look what gets born in New York. SoHo, the loft district below Greenwich Village, is a whole new cultural center, with art galleries, experimental theaters, and bars that serve

Prometheus and the princess, Rockefeller Center—"a New Yorker's carapace is open at the top. . . ."

F. B. Grunzweig/Photo Researchers



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up hamburgers and rough chic. The once-depressing side streets off First and Second avenues are now among the most cheerful and attractive in the city. Even Hell's Kitchen, grim as it still looks, begins to show signs of polish here and there. New York keeps regenerating itself.

It is in the winter that the display life of New York—museums, theaters, shops, restaurants, galleries—is at its fullest swing. "Cultural overkill," one Washington museum director calls it, and when the going-out directory in the newspapers shows eleven different dance events in one day and a dozen concerts, the remark is understandable. But it's wrong. The essence of New York's vitality—its special, extraordinary texture—comes from the richness of its peripheral cultural vision, from all the things going on that no one person will ever see. An ocean is very different from a swimming pool, even if the amount of swimming you do is about the same.

Over the past few years New York's theater has come out of a slump. Although the Broadway stage remains generally unadventurous, there is great vitality elsewhere. One of the most encouraging things to happen here has been the emergence of a number of first-rate off Off-Broadway companies —Manhattan Theater Club, the Circle Repertory Theater, the New Federal Theater, to name a few—doing new works or, sometimes, older works in new ways.

Joseph Papp, whose patronage spreads all over town, continues to be the link between the lofts and Broadway. *A Chorus Line* and *For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide When the Rainbow Is Enuf* were both conceived in modest experimental circumstances. Now they are back-to-back in theaters along Shubert Alley. Mr. Papp's production of Rabe's *Streamers* is downtown at the Public Theater, but in February he will bring it uptown to Lincoln Center. It could be one of the season's most interesting works. Andrei Serban, a brilliant and totally unorthodox experimental director, will try his hand with such established stars as Irene Worth and George Voskovec in *The Cherry Orchard*.

Inside New York's Guggenheim—"regenerating."

G. Gove/The Image Bank

If theater in New York is coming back strong, so are movies. For a visitor, going to the movies may seem a poor way to use the time, but it provides the change of pace that keeps sight-seeing and theater- and museum-going from becoming drudgery. More to the point, New York has something special to offer: at least five houses—the Carnegie Hall Cinema, the Bleecker Street, the New Yorker, the Regency, and the Elgin—that show just about every old movie worth seeing. They do it at a rate of two films a day, and most of them change their programs daily.

In addition there are the daily showings from the Museum of Modern Art's film library, and several groups that regularly screen new and experimental works. The best of these is the Film Forum at the Vandam Theater in the South Village.

There is a prodigious deluge of music in the winter: the New York Philharmonic at Avery Fisher Hall—whose acoustics have finally been improved after some years' delay —and all kinds of visiting orchestras at Carnegie Hall. Soloists and chamber groups perform at Lincoln Center's Alice Tully Hall—organists play there in the afternoon—and at Carnegie Recital Hall.

The Metropolitan Museum puts on a splendidly rich program of Baroque and Renaissance music done by small groups, as well as some of the best chamber music in town. Among other groups, the Guarneri and Juilliard quartets will be playing there this winter. Places such as the YMHA and the Brooklyn Academy of Music—the latter, incidentally, is host to some of the most interesting foreign theater companies—have virtually nonstop music. Many of the midtown churches have free concerts, usually at noon; and moving down the economic scale, everything from reggae to Haydn is performed on the sidewalks, hopefully for a small contribution.

The New York City Opera doesn't return until later in the winter, but the Metropolitan is in full swing throughout January. Apart from a more or less standard repertory of Verdi, Puccini, Mozart, and so on, it will give its first production of Poulenc's *Dialogues of the Carmelites*.

The New York City Ballet—Suzanne Farrell, Patricia McBride, Peter Martins, Helgi Tomasson, and so on—will be performing from its extensive repertory, including such works as *Jewels*, *Union Jack*, *Chaconne*, and *Dances at a Gathering*. A new Balanchine work—not announced as of this writing—will be done in January. During the same month the American Ballet Theater—Gelsey Kirkland, Fernando Bujones, Cynthia Gregory—will alternate between *Coppélia* and *Giselle*.

New York's museums are at their most active in the winter. Apart from the permanent collections, a number of special shows will be here in January and February.

The Metropolitan has unearthed part of its vast store of Egyptian art and has housed it handsomely and accessibly in thirteen redone galleries. Among other things the Met will be exhibiting this winter are a major retrospective of the sculptures of Daniel Chester French, an intensive study of the work of Andrew Wyeth, a major Titian show, and, as its most unusual offering, an exhibit of two hundred years of Russian costume, put together from loans from Soviet museums.

In February the Whitney Museum of American Art will

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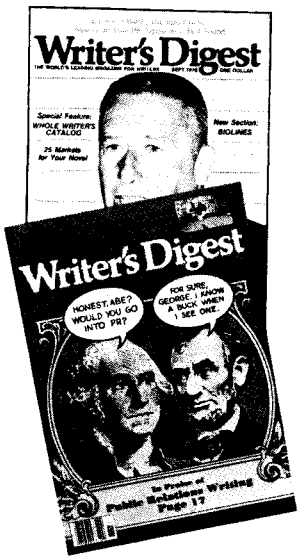

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open a biennial showing of the works of forty American painters, sculptors, and photographers who emerged in the 1970s. It is also mounting a historical survey of American watercolors and drawings.

The Museum of Modern Art will show the work of Harry Callahan, a major American photographer. It will also pull together an exhibit of important paintings from collections in Switzerland. Among the Guggenheim's offerings are exhibits of two Dutch artists: Piet Mondrian and James Ensor. And on and on.

THERE is so much more. Shopping, for example: the serious shopper starts in after Christmas, when the sales begin. Eating: the food may be no better in the winter but a fine meal tastes infinitely better to a cold client than to a hot one. Apart from restaurants, there is one splendid development in the last few years. The influx of Greeks has produced some of the best stand-up eating in New York. Souvlaki, hot spinach and cheese pie, sandwiches stuffed with lamb and salad: they hopelessly outclass pizza and hot dogs.

And there is snow and what it does to New York for the first twenty-four hours. A New Yorker's carapace is open at the top, and snowflakes fall on New Yorkers' faces with an effect that is almost musical. There is ice-skating at Rockefeller Center or in Central Park: one of the few opportunities New Yorkers have to look beautiful while having fun.

And there are the views. It takes a cold, transparent winter night to do full justice to the glittering kingdom seen from Windows on the World at the top of the World Trade Center or from the Rainbow Room atop Rockefeller Center. In fact, though, one of New York's most spectacular views can be seen cheap and, of all places, from a subway.

Come back, one night, from a concert or a play at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Take the BMT "N" train into Manhattan. It rises from the tunnel and starts slowly across the Williamsburg Bridge. To the south, lighting up the black water of the East River, every window in Wall Street shines. To the north, the whole curving shoreline of Manhattan is picked out in twinkling lights. Peter Minuit's $24 are back in diamonds. —RICHARD EDER

A former foreign correspondent, Richard Eder is a film and drama critic of The New York Times.

Washington

THERE'S a cutting crispness that can be painful on a walk to work across DuPont Circle. But the briskness that sometimes turns to unrelenting cold is punctuated by a periodic balminess. Suddenly, a hint of the tropical, spurred perhaps by the bamboo stalks that wave in front of townhouse facades, reminds you that Washington is, after all, a city that bridges the North and the South. The slower gait adopted in summer as a practical necessity lingers into autumn and through the winter. The northern pace of get-it-done-now is flavored with a southern temperance.

Washington is a city for walking. Like Paris, it is at its best at dusk. Then the irregular rooftops along Connecticut Avenue and the converted mansions of Embassy Row on Massachusetts Avenue take on a children's book quality.

Into this ambience has come what can best be described as a cultural renaissance. Paradoxically, during these years when respect for governmental processes—the city's main industry—has fallen to a new low, Washington has suddenly become an exciting place to live. Now there is an enormous air of expectancy, of verve, here. Winters in Washington have taken on the animation, even the ebullience, that characterizes a genuinely cosmopolitan city.

There's little dispute as to what sparked the change.

"There's no kidding around," says writer Milton Viorst. "The single infusion of Kennedy Center, about which most of us were quite skeptical, has made an enormous difference. And it's brought with it satellite artistic events."

Architecturally, Kennedy Center's spindle-columned,

Richard Braaten

Kennedy Center's Grand Foyer—"Washington has suddenly become an exciting place to live."

wedding-cake look is just tolerated, but the inside works admirably—and night after night, city residents and suburbanites from Bethesda and Chevy Chase, even from as far away as Annapolis, overflow the parking garages and nearly fill the three theaters' 6,000 plush seats. In one ten-day period this past autumn (admittedly unusual), there was a choice of La Scala, the Paris Opera, the Israel Symphony, *The Belle of Amherst*, and a top-flight series of four chamber-music concerts. All were sold out.

Slated for January, besides the National Symphony concerts, are *Caesar and Cleopatra* with Rex Harrison and Elizabeth Ashley, and John Wood in Tom Stoppard's *Travesties*. The New York City Ballet will pay a visit, and the National Theater, also under the center's aegis, will show *Otherwise Engaged* with Tom Courtenay.

No one characterizes Zelda Fichandler's Arena Stage complex in southwest Washington as being a satellite of Kennedy Center. The Tony Award-winning company, which began in a converted vaudeville house in 1950, has made its own theater-in-the-round niche, mixing revivals with the fiercely experimental. Late in January, a series called "In the Process" will present three new productions in the cabaret-style Old Vat Room. Afterward the audience will have

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3/2-3/9	**SANTO DOMINGO**	Detroit	Braniff	Inter-Continental Embajador	EP	$378.35
3/4-3/12	**RIO DE JANEIRO**	Detroit	TIA	Inter-Continental Rio	**	$608.35
3/7-3/14	**CANCUN, MEXICO**	Dulles-Washington, D.C.	Braniff	Cancun Caribe	**	$458.85
3/9-3/16	**SANTO DOMINGO**	St. Louis	Braniff	Inter-Continental Embajador	EP	$389.85
3/11-3/19	**RIO DE JANEIRO**	Detroit	TIA	Inter-Continental Rio	**	$608.35
3/14-3/21	**CANCUN, MEXICO**	Philadelphia	Braniff	Cancun Caribe	**	$458.85
3/18-3/26	**RIO DE JANEIRO**	Cleveland	TIA	Inter-Continental Rio	**	$573.85
3/18-3/26	**RIO DE JANEIRO**	Milwaukee	TIA	Inter-Continental Rio	**	$619.85
3/21-3/28	**CANCUN, MEXICO**	Newark	Braniff	Cancun Caribe	**	$458.85
3/23-3/30	**SANTO DOMINGO**	Philadelphia	Braniff	Inter-Continental Embajador	EP	$366.85
3/25-4/2	**RIO DE JANEIRO**	Rochester	TIA	Inter-Continental Rio	**	$573.85
3/25-4/2	**RIO DE JANEIRO**	Baltimore	TIA	Inter-Continental Rio	**	$599.00
3/30-4/6	**SANTO DOMINGO**	Chicago/Springfield	Braniff	Inter-Continental Embajador	EP	$424.35
4/1-4/9	**RIO DE JANEIRO**	Philadelphia	TIA	Inter-Continental Rio	**	$573.85
4/5-4/12	**SANTO DOMINGO**	Philadelphia	Braniff	Inter-Continental Embajador	EP	$343.85
4/6-4/13	**SANTO DOMINGO**	Harrisburg	Braniff	Inter-Continental Embajador	EP	$343.85
4/8-4/16	**RIO DE JANEIRO**	New York City	TIA	Inter-Continental Rio	**	$573.85
4/16-4/24	**GREECE**	New York City	TIA	Royal Olympic	MAP	$573.85
4/23-4/30	**GREECE**	Cleveland	TIA	Royal Olympic	MAP	$599.00
4/23-4/30	**GREECE**	Cincinnati	TIA	Royal Olympic	MAP	$649.00
5/7-5/15	**GREECE**	Philadelphia	TIA	Royal Olympic	MAP	$573.85
5/14-5/22	**GREECE**	Charlotte, N.C.	TIA	Royal Olympic	MAP	$631.35

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a chance to exchange ideas with each playwright in a free-for-all discussion. The more traditional fare this winter includes David Rabe's *Streamers*, beginning at the Kreeger on January 7, and a repertory of *A Streetcar Named Desire* and *Watch on the Rhine*, January 27 at the Arena Stage.

The base for theater, dance, and music here continues to expand, with the Ford's Theater, which has staged some rousing musicals in its prim, gilded interior, including this winter's *All Night Strut*; the Folger Theater, which alternates Shakespeare with the avant-garde; the West End, which opened its doors again this year; and Lisner Auditorium on the George Washington University campus. Add to this the New Playwright's Theater and Back Alley, both of which have gained some success in presenting experimental drama.

Washington is three-quarters black, with a large black middle-class society, but nevertheless, the Black Repertory Theater, after a valiant struggle, has folded. Productions such as *Guys and Dolls*, *Bubblin' Brown Sugar*, and *The River Niger*, when presented in other theaters, have drawn sizable audiences. New black cultural centers include the Museum of African Art, which celebrated its fifth birthday in November. Situated near the Supreme Court, in a renovated private mansion, the museum will show selections from its permanent painting and sculpture collections (mostly from West Africa) this winter. In February the Smithsonian's Anacostia Neighborhood Museum plans to mount a kind of comprehensive family album, using four generations of photographs, oral histories, and documents to trace the history of Anacostia.

Visitors who put theatergoing on their calendars along with the more usual White House and Capitol tours will find audiences refreshingly appreciative. Applause is louder; bravos ring out. It's the norm, rather than the exception, to rise in tribute. Martin Feinstein, of Kennedy Center, talks about how much artists like Washington. And no wonder. Washington really likes them.

There's some speculation about the impact the Democrats will have on this new scene, which though initiated by the Kennedys has flowered with the Republicans. Some of the predictions are dire. Money for the National Endowment for the Arts has flowed in heartwarming quantities these past few years (some $75 million in 1975), but about 2,700 top jobs are scheduled to change hands. Will things change?

One rumor making the rounds in museum circles insists that endowments under the Carter administration, including the National Endowment for the Humanities, will be combined under HEW. This, members of the inner circle of art aver, would be a "disaster."

Generally, the outlook is more sanguine. "Culture under the Kennedys was never—not since the time of the Medicis—given more exciting stimulus," says Viorst. "I don't see Carter providing the same excitement, but maybe he'll use Kennedy as a model."

THERE's been little comment so far on Carter's announced people's inauguration. The city is well prepared for a flood of people. If the Bicentennial experience proves to be the prototype, there should be an enormous outpouring of good fellowship—not to mention a brace of special events put on jointly by the Smithsonian and Kennedy Center.

It's probable that a good proportion of the Inaugural visitors will at least try to visit the National Air and Space Museum on Independence Avenue. There, the really hot ticket is for *To Fly*, a Continental Oil Company-funded 70-millimeter, twenty-six-minute movie presented on a five-story-high screen. The steeply pitched seats in the dramatic auditorium are placed so viewers feel they are traveling with the film's balloonist and pilots as the earth unfolds beneath. Magnificently photographed, it's not to be missed.

Add to this a trip through the Skylab model (looking like an upended tin can with a miniature water tower on top) and to the Albert Einstein Spacearium. At the latter, "Cosmic Awakening" charts space so that even the completely uninitiated leave with some comprehension of asteroids, planetoids, and galaxies—and of the outermost reaches.

With all its hardware—the rockets, the capsules, the bombers—the chunkily built museum retains a sense of poetry—perhaps because it's headed by Michael Collins, the most sensitive astronaut of all. The sight of *Kitty Hawk*, the *Spirit of St. Louis*, and the *Gemini* capsule in one steel-raftered space loops flight into one life span. At least for the middle-aged, on a wintry afternoon there's a sense of accomplishment that all this can after all be mentally digested.

Cross-fertilization is to be valued. The visit next door to the Hirshhorn, where works by Matisse, Malliol, and Manzu are only three of its wonders, keeps life on earth in better perspective. So does King Tutankhamen's magnificent display across the Mall at the National Gallery. The objects, twenty of which have never been outside Egypt, are startling in their 3,300-year-old perfection. There have been long waits, however—in the early weeks as much as three hours.

The talk here is that the Hirshhorn (which has scheduled a major show of modern Canadian artists in February) has exerted enormous leverage in bringing contemporary art to a hitherto traditional city. The new fervor has spilled onto P Street between 20th and 21st streets, where a tentative string of galleries is lining up, some transplanted from Connecticut Avenue. Many are trying to schedule their openings for the same night, and there's a festival spirit as visitors wander from salon to salon. If you can park on a winter's Saturday afternoon, there's an enormous variety to be seen: the fanciful, the realistic, the abstract—culminating in works that savor the Paris Biennale.

New Los Angeles Bonaventure Hotel, three blocks fr

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There are galleries in Georgetown worth visiting, too, with Fendrick and Lunn the best known. For the more adventurous, there is the Torpedo Factory in Alexandria, where you can watch artists and craftsmen at work. Glen Echo's once flamboyant amusement park, now converted into a craft center by the National Park Service, rates a visit with camera. Here potters, delicately pulling up their clay, work in round, grass-topped yurts, and sculptors and artists create where once cotton candy was sold.

All this openness is to be savored before it goes. "There's a real sense of renewal here. Maybe it's better to say it's a beginning. There aren't a lot of old channels to go through, so people aren't afraid to do things differently," said a young poetess working at the Max Protetch Gallery on P Street.

For those who are interested, she recommends poetry readings at the Library of Congress and at the Folger, at bookstores, and at the Martin Luther King Library.

"At other poetry readings I've been to, at universities around the country, there's so much tension. Everyone is trying to be high powered and critical. Here they actually clap at the end!" She is enchanted.

Here, the winter is a warm, stimulating time, with an ingenuousness that is to be relished. The trick will be to make sure that the current eagerness doesn't harden into the cultural ennui that has become a plague to other world-weary capitals. —JOANNE DANN

A former newspaperwoman, Joanne Dann works now in educational publishing, in Washington.

Los Angeles

WINTER is the season when Los Angeles vindicates itself, asserts its true worth, defies its detractors. I speak now as a resident, not as one of the nearly nine million visitors who come to southern California each year.

e Music Center—"an awareness never sharper than in winter."

For all its lively and varied pleasures, Los Angeles is essentially a residential place. Nice to visit, nicer to live in, whatever the problems, real enough, of smog and sprawl and hopeless public transportation.

The climate is unquestionably central to the attractiveness of Los Angeles, but not in the specific, hedonistic, tourist-luring sense that gave the city its enduring early image as a lotus land where brains go soft under the steady sun.

To anyone accustomed to sterner and more demanding weathers, the move to Los Angeles means a freeing of energy, an almost unencompassable enlarging of the possibilities of life and work. And the awareness of the more active and mobile life is never sharper than in winter. The incongruities of reindeer in the holiday decor along Wilshire Boulevard in Beverly Hills and of bell-ringing Santas perspiring in the 90-degree heat are striking reminders of other places, other climes.

Just as unquestionably, the favoring weather was, not that long ago, the price you felt you paid for excitements and amenities left behind—the Manhattan theater season, say, the galleries and concerts and gathering places, the feeling of being part of the life of a great and competitive city that fought you hard but yielded its occasional sweet triumphs.

Los Angeles really was all those suburbs in search of a city, the consequence of the climate, the car, and great stretches of buildable land. (The readjustments to a future oil-short world will be costly and painful, but for the moment the city accommodates a motorized population very efficiently, and it probably provides pleasanter living conditions, across a broader range of income, than any other major metropolis in the world.)

But the upward changes in the cultural life of Los Angeles, also most keenly felt in the winter months, have in the last two decades been remarkable, even extraordinary, and no one who drives the freeways to the center of Los Angeles can doubt that the suburbs have found their city.

Most dramatically seen in the low-slanting light of early morning or sunset, the new towers and cultural temples of downtown Los Angeles declare themselves without qualification to be the heart of a vital city. (The sunsets, when the rains of January, February, and March have greened the landscape, washed the skies, and left banks of breathtaking clouds on the ocean horizon, are a principal glory of the Los Angeles winter.)

THE three striking theaters of the Music Center complex, ten years in being now, are the literal and symbolic center of the enriched cultural diet of Los Angeles. The Pavilion houses the Los Angeles Philharmonic, itself revitalized and upgraded by its charismatic young conductor, Zubin Mehta, who is leaving after this season to take over the New York Philharmonic. The Pavilion is also home for the venerable Civic Light Opera, with its lavish, if infrequently daring, productions.

The prime and innovative attractions of the winter season originate with Gordon Davidson's Center Theatre Group in the Music Center's Mark Taper Forum, given over primarily to new and often controversial works and lately featuring Luci Arnaz, Stockard Channing, and Sandy Duncan in *Vanities*, an acidly comic study of three Texas cheerleaders moving on into womanhood.

Under the creative direction of Robert Fryer, the Ah-

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manson Theatre, after some initial uncertainties, has found a useful and increasingly popular program plan of impeccably staged revivals (Richard Chamberlain in *Cyrano*), imports (Maggie Smith in *The Guardsman* currently), and Broadway-bound new works (Neil Simon's *California Suite* started here).

The Music Center has done much to restore theatergoing to the night plans of both residents and visitors, and its success has almost certainly encouraged the building of the city's newest legitimate theater, the Shubert, in the huge Century City development on what was once the Fox back lot at the western edge of Beverly Hills. After its own shaky start, the Shubert has settled in with *A Chorus Line*, which looks to run forever, here and elsewhere.

James Dolittle's Huntington Hartford Theatre in Hollywood, one of only two legitimate theaters operating in Los Angeles in 1959 (the other, the Biltmore, is now a parking lot), has also found newly attentive audiences, and it most recently entertained *Equus* for a long run.

Workshop theaters, the Off-Broadway of Los Angeles, have been numerous and energetic in a city heavily populated with actors and actresses drawn by movies and television. Today, and most extensively in the winter, they are more than ever inclined to do experimental, and provocative work.

For residents as for visitors, the climate makes Disneyland a winter attraction at a different level of entertainment, and the immense popularity of the park Walt built (still immaculately maintained and continually changing) has begat others—Magic Mountain, Busch Gardens (an attractive amusement center adjoining the brewery but catering to the whole family), Lion Country Safari (limping through financial troubles at the moment but still an uncommon tourist experience), and probably the fastest growing of them all, the Universal Studio Tour, now drawing huge crowds winter and summer (at peak season last August, the waits ran as much as three hours). The tour only skims the actual studio operations, but takes in such special effects as the parting of the Red Sea and a snap of the toothy shark from *Jaws*, as well as a western rooftop shootout by stuntmen, which is for me the highlight of a not-inexpensive but amusing outing.

The spectator events, including the games of the Lakers and the Kings hockey team, and a steady barrage of starry rock concerts, are the frosting on, rather than the definition of, the Los Angeles winter. The natural but paradoxical delights of a morning spent on the beaches and perhaps in the ocean and an afternoon spent at the snow only an hour to an hour and a half away in the mountains are part of the continuing climatic lure of the place.

But the resident is bound to say that, invited to be a visitor again, he might (as a rather startling number of residents do) check into one of the city's elegant and attentive hotels—the secluded Bel-Air, the Beverly Hills, the Beverly-Wilshire—plan a schedule of culinary celebrations involving places as unalike as Scandia, the dark splendor of the Windsor, the publike intimacy of the Cock 'n' Bull, the fine Italian handiwork at Valentino's; then walk off the overindulgences on a foot tour of the towers of downtown.

The interior plaza of the Security Pacific Bank Building, with its four waterfalls, its jungle greenery, and its pools, is a spectacular oasis, invisible from the street, that even many local inhabitants have not yet discovered. A five-minute walk away rise the fifty-two-story twin towers of the Arco-Bank of America complex, with its network of subterranean shopping arcades. The west side of downtown is an entire redevelopment area, already astonishing in its scope and design (the privately financed World Trade Center is another fresh landmark). There are linking pedestrian walks and a constantly surprising succession of vistas, reflections, and discoveries. Capping the territory now is the Bonaventure Hotel, with its 1,500 rooms contained in an interlocked cluster of high-rising and mirror-surfaced cylinders flanked by glass-walled exterior elevators from which the views are going to be dazzling. It opens formally in March.

Downtown Los Angeles used to be described architecturally as looking like the boxes Disneyland came in, though it looked more precisely like the boxes other boxes came in. It has since acquired a glistening sense of style, and on a warm and breezy winter's day (better than in the listless and fumy heat of high summer), there are few finer pleasures than strolling the emergent city of one's choice, remembering mittens and frostbite.

—CHARLES CHAMPLIN

Charles Champlin is arts editor of the Los Angeles Times *and its principal film critic.*

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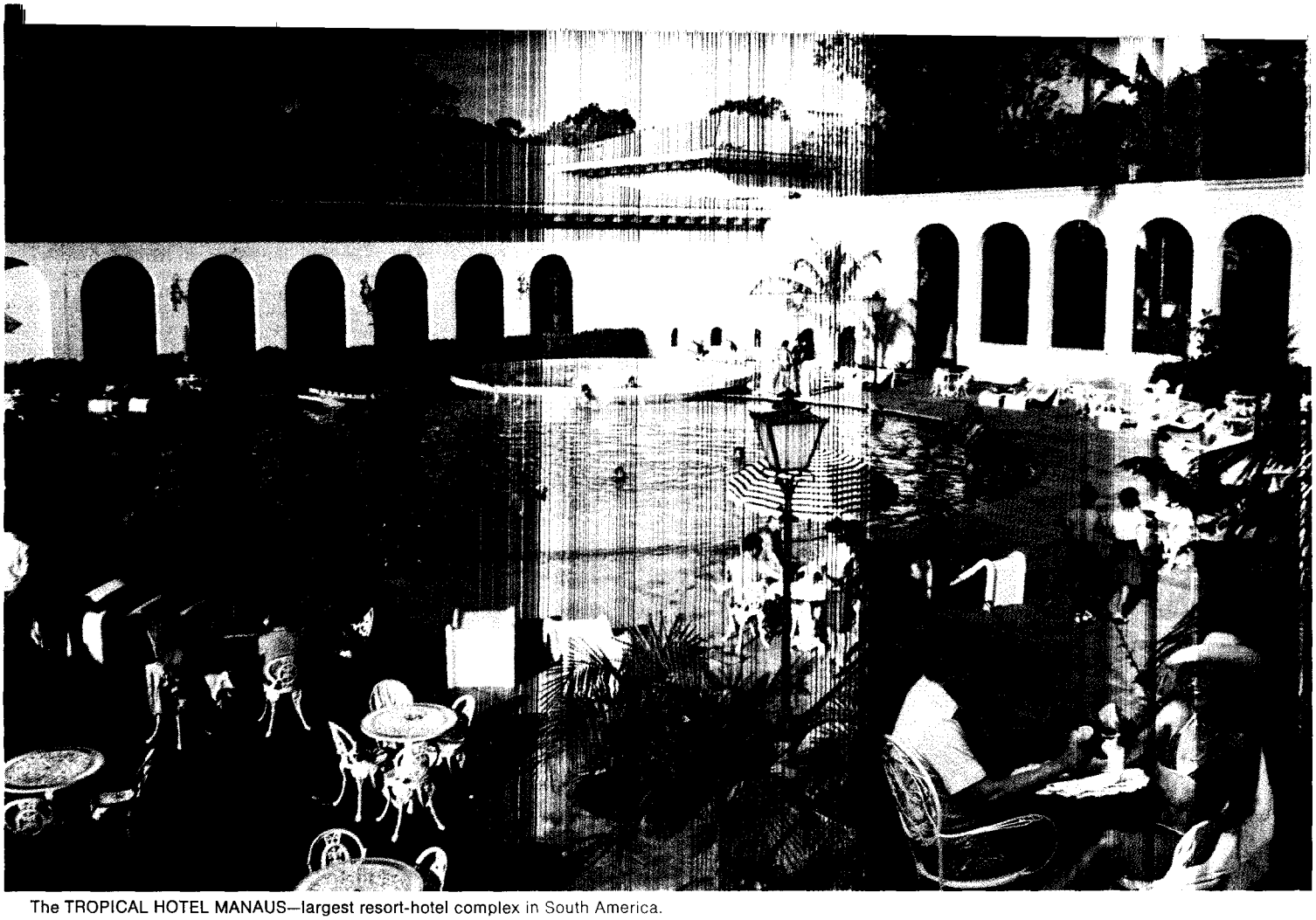

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JANUARY

1 Eighty-eighth Annual Tournament of Roses Parade, *Pasadena, Calif.*
Symphony Season, *San Francisco, Calif.* Until May 28.
Forty-third Orange Bowl Football Classic, *Miami, Fla.*
Sugar Bowl Football Classic, *New Orleans, La.*
Mummers Parade, *Philadelphia, Pa.*
Cotton Bowl Parade and Football Game, *Dallas, Tex.*
World Junior Hockey Tournament, *Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.* Also January 2.
Rubens Year, throughout *Belgium.* Until December 31. Exhibits and other events mark 400th anniversary of artist's birth.
One Hundred Fiftieth Anniversary of the Death of Beethoven, throughout *West Germany.* Until December 31. Concerts, programs, exhibits.
Silver Jubilee Anniversary of Queen Elizabeth II, throughout the *United Kingdom.* Until December 31. Special events and programs.

5 Boat & Sports Show, *Chicago, Ill.* Until January 9.

6 Twelfth Night Pageantry, *New Orleans, La.* Social-season start of Mardi Gras, February 22.
North American Intermediate Sloop Championships, *Charleston, S.C.* Until January 9.
International Auto Show, *Montreal, Quebec, Canada.* Until January 16.
International Folk Dancing, *Haifa, Israel.* Also January 13, 20, 27.

7 Carnival, Fasching, and Fasnet Events, *Rhineland, Baden-Württemberg, Hesse, Cologne,* and *Munich, West Germany.* Until February 22.

8 Seventh Annual Invitational Rugby Tournament *San Diego, Calif.* Also January 9.
Hula Bowl Game, *Honolulu, Hawaii.* Football.

9 Super Bowl, at Rose Bowl, *Pasadena, Calif.*
Championship Sled Dog Races, *Ashland, Wis.* Also January 10.
Monolith Ski Race, *Oslo, Norway.*
Feast of the Black Nazarene, *Quiapo, Manila, Philippines.*

10 Eastern Speed Skating Championship, *Saratoga Springs, N.Y.* Also January 11.
Bermuda Festival '77, *Hamilton, Bermuda,* and other areas. Until February 12. Music, art, drama.

11 Carnival Celebrations, *Guadeloupe* and *Martinique, F. W. I.* Until February 23. Ash Wednesday is included in celebrations.

13 Stephen Foster Memorial Week, *White Springs, Fla.* Until January 19. Music.

14 National Western Stock Show, *Denver, Colo.* Until January 22. Rodeo.
Fur and Wildlife Festival, *Cameron, La.* Also January 15.

15 International Kite Flying Contest, *Sarasota, Fla.*
World and African Festival of Arts and Culture, *Lagos* and *Kaduna, Nigeria.* Until February 12.

16 Richard Strauss Festival, *Vienna, Austria.* Until January 27.

19 Winter Carnival, *Stowe, Vt.* Until January 29.

20 Presidential Inauguration Festivities, *Washington, D. C.*
Snowfest, *Kelowna, British Columbia, Canada.* Until January 23.
Bing Crosby National Pro-Am Golf Championship, *Pebble Beach, Calif.* Until January 23.
Festival Week, *Dunedin, New Zealand.* Until January 30.

21 Sandy Shoes Festival, *Fort Pierce, Fla.* Until January 30. Rodeo, Indian events.
Chinese New Year Celebrations, *Los Angeles; New York City; Philadelphia; Honolulu; China; Singapore;, Malaysia.* Year of the Serpent.
Las Negritas Carnival, *Caracas, Venezuela.* Until February 22.
Rio Carnival, *Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.* Until February 22.

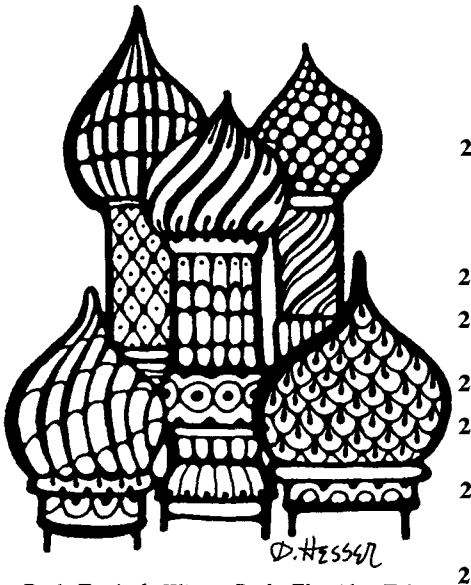
19 Thirty-third National Antiques Show, *New York, N.Y.* Until February 27. At Madison Square Garden.
Mummers Show of Shows, *Philadelphia, Pa.* Until February 27.
Winter Carnival, *Brattleboro, Vt.* Until February 27.

20 Sourdough Rendez-Vous, *Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, Canada.* Until February 28.

21 Polar Ice Cap Golf Tournament, *Grand Haven, Mich.*
Trout Derby, *Green Lake, Wis.* Also February 22.

22 Mardi Gras Celebrations, *Mobile, Ala.; New Orleans, La.*
Maple Syruping, *New Canaan, Conn.* Until March 31. Exhibits and demonstrations.
All-Native Basketball Tournament, *Prince Rupert, British Columbia, Canada.* Until February 26.

24 La Fiesta de los Vaqueros Parade and Rodeo, *Tucson, Ariz.* Until February 27.



Bach Festival, *Winter Park, Fla.* Also February 25. On campus of Rollins College.
Cherry Blossom Festival, *Honolulu, Hawaii.* Until April 2.

27 International Fair, *Frankfurt, West Germany.* Until March 3.

MARCH

1 International Fair, *Cairo, Egypt.* Until March 31.
"Omizutori" or Water Drawing Festival of Todaiji, *Nara, Japan.* Until March 14.
Pan-Pacific Philatelic Exhibition, *Christchurch, New Zealand.* Until March 13.

3 Sanibel Island Shell Fair, *Sanibel Island, Fla.* Until March 5.

4 Sports Car in Review Exhibit, *Dearborn, Mich.* Until April 10. At Greenfield Village and Henry Ford Museum.
Arts Festival, *Dublin, Ireland.* Until March 13.
Purim Festival, throughout *Israel.*
Moomba Festival, *Melbourne, Australia.* Until March 14. Music, drama, art, and sports.
International Festival of Country Music, *London, England.* Until April 11.
Sydney Cup Week, *Sydney, Australia.* Until April 16. Horse racing.

10 Easter Sunrise Services, *Grand Canyon, South Rim, Payson, Ariz.; Mt. Davidson, San Francisco, Calif.; Lake Wales, Fla.; Honolulu, Hawaii;* and more.
Easter Promenade on the Boardwalk, *Atlantic City, Asbury Park,* and *Seaside Heights, N. J.*
Firing of the Chariot, *Florence, Italy.* Easter tradition.
Easter Sunday Observances, throughout *Israel.*
Vintage Festival, *Barossa Valley, Australia.* Until April 17. Wine festival held every two years.

11 Seven Lively Arts Festival, *Hollywood, Fla.* Until April 17.

13 Merrie Monarch Festival, *Hilo, Hawaii.* Until April 17.
Songkran Festival of Throwing Water, *Chiang Mai* and *Paklat, Thailand.* Until April 15.

14 Festival of Arts, *Birmingham, Ala.* Until April 24, Salutes Austria.
Azalea Festival, *Wilmington, N. C.* Until April 17.

15 Cherry Blossom Festival, *San Francisco, Calif.* Until April 17. Also April 23-24. At Japantown and Japan Center.
Jazz Fest, *New Orleans, La.* Until April 17. Also April 22-24.
Spring Fiesta, *New Orleans, La.* Until May 3. House tours.
Fiesta San Antonio, *San Antonio, Tex.* Until April 24.

20 Fair '77, *Hanover, West Germany.* Until April 28.
International Choral & Folk Dance Festival, *Cork, Ireland.* Until April 24.
Spring Festival of Music, Drama, and Dance, *Jerusalem, Israel.* Until May 19.

22 Ice Hockey World Championships, *Vienna, Austria.* Until May 7.

23 Historic Garden Week, throughout *Virginia.* Until May 1. Tours of historic gardens and homes in 31 areas.

24 Twenty-fourth International Azalea Festival, *Norfolk, Va.* Until May 1.

25 Exhibit: Best Bib and Tucker Costumes, *New York, N.Y.* Until October 23. At Museum of the City of New York.

26 Romantic Music Festival, *Indianapolis, Ind.* Until May 1.
Eighth International Book Fair, *Jerusalem, Israel.* Until May 2.

27 World's Largest Fish Fry, *Paris, Tenn.* Until April 29.

28 Appalachian Festival, *Cincinnati, Ohio.* Until May 1. Music, crafts, food.

29 Penn Relays, *Philadelphia, Pa.* Also April 30. Track meet.
Cotton Carnival, *Memphis, Tenn.* Until May 8. Theme: "Carnival '77 Spring Fest."
Fiftieth Annual Shenandoah Apple Blossom Festival, *Winchester, Va.* Until May 1.
English Bach Festival, *London, England.* Until May 22.

30 Kentucky Derby Festival, *Louisville, Ky.* Until May 7. Special week-long events, with 103rd race on May 7.
Northeast Kayak Championships, *North Conway, N. H.* Also May 1. At Swift River.
Exhibit: Works of Rubens, *Antwerp, Belgium.* Until September 30.

MAY

1 Days of '98, *Skagway, Alaska.* Until August 31.
Lei Day, *Honolulu, Hawaii.* Pageantry and competitions.
500 Festival, *Indianapolis, Ind.* Until May 31. Race on May 30.

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Mozart Music Week, *Salzburg, Austria*. Until January 30.

22 Winter Antiques Show, *New York, N.Y.* Until February 1. At 7th Regiment Armory.
Forty-fifth Automobile Rally, *Monte Carlo, Monaco*. Until January 29.

23 White White World, *Kingfield, Maine*. Until January 28. Carnival.
International Bonspiel, *Quebec City, Quebec, Canada*. Until January 29.
Twenty-ninth Annual Antiques Forum, *Williamsburg, Va*. Until January 28. Also January 30-February 4.

26 Andy Williams Open Golf Tournament, *San Diego, Calif*. Until February 20.
Republic Day, throughout *India*.

28 Old Island Days, *Key West, Fla*. Until March 12. Tours, pageantry, and food.
Winter Carnival, *St. Paul, Minn*. Until February 6. Theme: "Windows of Winter."
Southwestern Exposition Fat Stock Show and Rodeo, *Fort Worth, Tex*. Until February 28.
International Arctic Rally, *Rovaniemi, Finland*. Until January 30.

29 Auto Show, *New York, N.Y*. Until February 6. At New York Coliseum.
Invitational Indoor Track and Field Meet, *Eugene, Oreg*.

FEBRUARY

1 Edison Pageant of Light, *Fort Myers, Fla*. Until February 15.
Black Esthetics Festival, *Chicago, Ill*. Until February 13. Black artists, musicians, and performers at Museum of Science & Industry.
Calypso Tents, *Port of Spain, Trinidad*, and *San Fernando, Tobago, W.I*. Until February 20. Mardi Gras, February 22.

2 Winter Special Olympics, *Steamboat Springs, Colo*. Until February 7. For mentally retarded from fifty states and three foreign countries.

3 Quebec Carnival, *Quebec City, Quebec, Canada*. Until February 13.

4 International Motor Rally, *Galway, Ireland*. Until February 6.

5 Speed Weeks, *Daytona, Fla*. Until February 20. Stock-car racing.
Festival of the Arts, *Miami Beach, Fla*. Also February 6.

6 Black History Week, *Philadelphia, Pa*. Until February 12.
Arts Festival, *Hong Kong*. Until March 6. Guest performers. Music, art, drama.

7 Gasparilla Pirate Invasion, Parade, and Festival, *Tampa* and *Ybor City, Fla*. Until February 10.

9 Bob Hope Desert Classic, *Palm Springs, Calif*. Until February 13. Golf.

10 Dartmouth College Winter Carnival, *Hanover, N.H*. Until February 13.
Eightieth Annual Winter Carnival, *Saranac Lake, N.Y*. Until February 14.

11 Fur Rendezvous, *Anchorage, Alaska*. Until February 20.
"Gold Rush Days" Western Celebration, Parade, and Rodeo, *Wickenburg, Ariz*. Until February 13.

14 Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show, *New York, N.Y*. Also February 15.

15 Festival of Contemporary Music, *Salt Lake City, Utah*. Until February 19.
One Hundred First Annual Mardi Gras Festival, *Nice, France*. Until February 22.

17 Opera Ball, *Vienna, Austria*.

18 National Date Festival, *Indio, Calif*. Until February 27. Camel and ostrich races.

5 Harriman World Cup Competition, *Sun Valley, Idaho*. Until March 7. Olympic ski teams compete.
Natchez Pilgrimage, *Natchez, Miss*. Until April 3. Antebellum-homes tour.
Holmenkollen Ski Festival, *Oslo, Norway*. Until March 13.
South Pacific Festival of Arts, *Rotorua, New Zealand*. Until March 13.

7 Daytona Motorcycle Classic, *Daytona Beach, Fla*. Until March 13. Racing.

10 Historic Homes Tours, *Mobile, Ala*. Until March 26.

13 St. Patrick's Week Festival, throughout *Ireland*, special in *Dublin*. Until March 19.

15 Sound and Light Program, *Jerusalem, Israel*. Until March 31. At David's Tower.
Regional Folk Art Festival of Sousse, all cities of *Sahel, Tunisia*. Until March 20.

18 Colorado River Indian Tribal Fair, *Parker, Ariz*. Until March 21.

19 Tucson Festival, *Tucson, Ariz*. Until May 21. Art, pageantry. Mexican, Indian, and Spanish events.
Spring Garden and Flower Show, *Boston, Mass*. Until March 27.
Music Festival, *Port of Spain, Trinidad, W.I*. Until April 29.
Winter Festival at Arctic Circle, *Narvik, Norway*. Until March 27.

21 Tryon Palace Symposium, *New Bern, N. C*. Until March 23. On decorative arts.
Benito Juárez's Birthday Celebration, throughout *Mexico*.

24 Ninth Annual Heritage Golf Classic, *Hilton Head Island, S. C*. Until March 27.

25 Antiques Show, *Hartford, Conn*. Until March 27.

26 Caribou Carnival, *Yellowknife, Northwest Territories, Canada*. Until March 28.

27 King Neptune's Frolics, *Sarasota, Fla*. Until April 3. Pageantry, sports.
Historic Harbor House Tour, *Baltimore, Md*. At Fells Point and Federal Hill.

30 Tour of Homes and Gardens, *Savannah, Ga*. Until April 2.

31 Schmeckfest, *Freeman, S. Dak*. Until April 2. Food festival.

APRIL

1 Indian Fair, *Phoenix, Ariz*. Until April 3. At Heard Museum.
Maple Festival, *St. Albans, Vt*. Until April 3.
Israel National Opera Performances, *Haifa, Jerusalem*, and *Tel Aviv, Israel*. Until May 31.
Royal Easter Show, *Sydney, Australia*. Until April 12. Fair.

2 Pacific Coast Soaring Championships, *San Diego, Calif*. Also April 3. Air show of motorless flight.
Dogwood Festival, *Atlanta, Ga*. Until April 9.
Cherry Blossom Festival, *Washington, D. C*. Until April 9.
Easter Festival, *Salzburg, Austria*. Until April 11.
Passover Observance, throughout *Israel*. Until April 9.

3 Holy Week Observances, throughout *Israel*. Until April 10.
Malaysian Grand Prix, *Selangor, Malaysia*. Also April 4. Racing.

7 Masters Golf Tournament, *Augusta, Ga*. Until April 10.

9 Puyallup Valley Daffodil Festival, *Tacoma, Puyallup*, and *Sumner, Wash*. Until April 17. Theme: "Puget Sound U.S.A."
Festival Casals, *Rio Piedras, P. R*. Until June 30. Music.
Tivoli Gardens Open, *Copenhagen, Denmark*. Until September 19.
International May Festival, *Wiesbaden, West Germany*. Until May 31.
Queen's Silver Jubilee Official Celebrations, throughout the *United Kingdom*. Until August 31.

5 Thirtieth International Film Festival, *Cannes, France*. Until May 20.

6 Old Dover Days, *Dover, Del*. Also May 8. Colonial pageantry.
Music and Drama Festival, *Bordeaux, France*. Until May 24.
Carnival, *Valletta, Malta*. Until May 9.

7 Joan of Arc Festival, *Orléans, France*.

8 Mother's Day Music Festival, *Phoenix* and *Sun City, Ariz*.
Horse Fair, *Jerez de la Frontera, Spain*. Until May 15.

11 Tulip Time Festival, *Holland, Mich*. Until May 14.

12 Fiesta de la Primavera, *San Diego, Calif*. Until May 15.
Wildflower Pilgrimage, *Davis, W. Va*. Until May 15. Tour.
Fourth International Floral Exposition, *Nantes, France*. Until May 23.

13 Preakness Festival Week, *Baltimore, Md*. Until May 27. One hundred second race on May 21.
Bach Choir Festival, *Bethlehem, Pa*. Also May 14, 20-21.
Shaw Festival, *Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, Canada*. Until October 2. Drama.

14 International Folk Festival, *Miami Beach, Fla*. Until May 21.

15 Pacific Northwest Championship All-Indian Rodeo, *Tygh Valley, Oreg*. Also May 16.

17 Chelsea Flower Show, *London, England*. Until May 20.

18 International Festival of Music, Drama, Folklore, *Bergen, Norway*. Until June 1.

20 Luther Burbank Rose Festival, *Santa Rosa, Calif*. Until May 22.
Maytime Festival and Carroll's Amateur Theatre International, *Dundalk, Ireland*. Until May 29.

21 Tour of Ghost Town Homes, *Jerome, Ariz*. Also May 22.
Ninth Avenue International Festival, *New York, N. Y*. Also May 22.
International Fair, *Nicosia, Cyprus*. Until June 11.

22 Iris Festival, *Sumter, S. C*. Until May 28.
Thirty-fifth Grand Prix of Monaco, *Monte Carlo*. Car racing.

23 Sardinian Cavalcade, *Sassari, Sardinia, Italy*. Procession of 2,000 in costume.

24 Gypsy Festival and Annual Pilgrimage, *Les Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer, France*. Also October 11.

25 Spoleto Festival, *Charleston, S. C*. Until June 5. Famous festival moves from Spoleto, Italy, on 20th anniversary. Music, art, drama.

26 Cathedral Festival of the Arts, *Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada*. Until May 29.

28 Banks of the Wabash Festival, *Terre Haute, Ind*. Until June 5.
Eleventh Annual International Festival, *St. Louis, Mo*. Also May 29. Dancing, foods, and crafts of 35 nations.
Second Asian Trade Fair, *Melbourne, Australia*. Until June 5.

30 Festival of Culture, *Bachok, Kelantan, Malaysia*. Until June 11.

31 Festival Opera Season, *Glyndebourne, England*. Until August 7.

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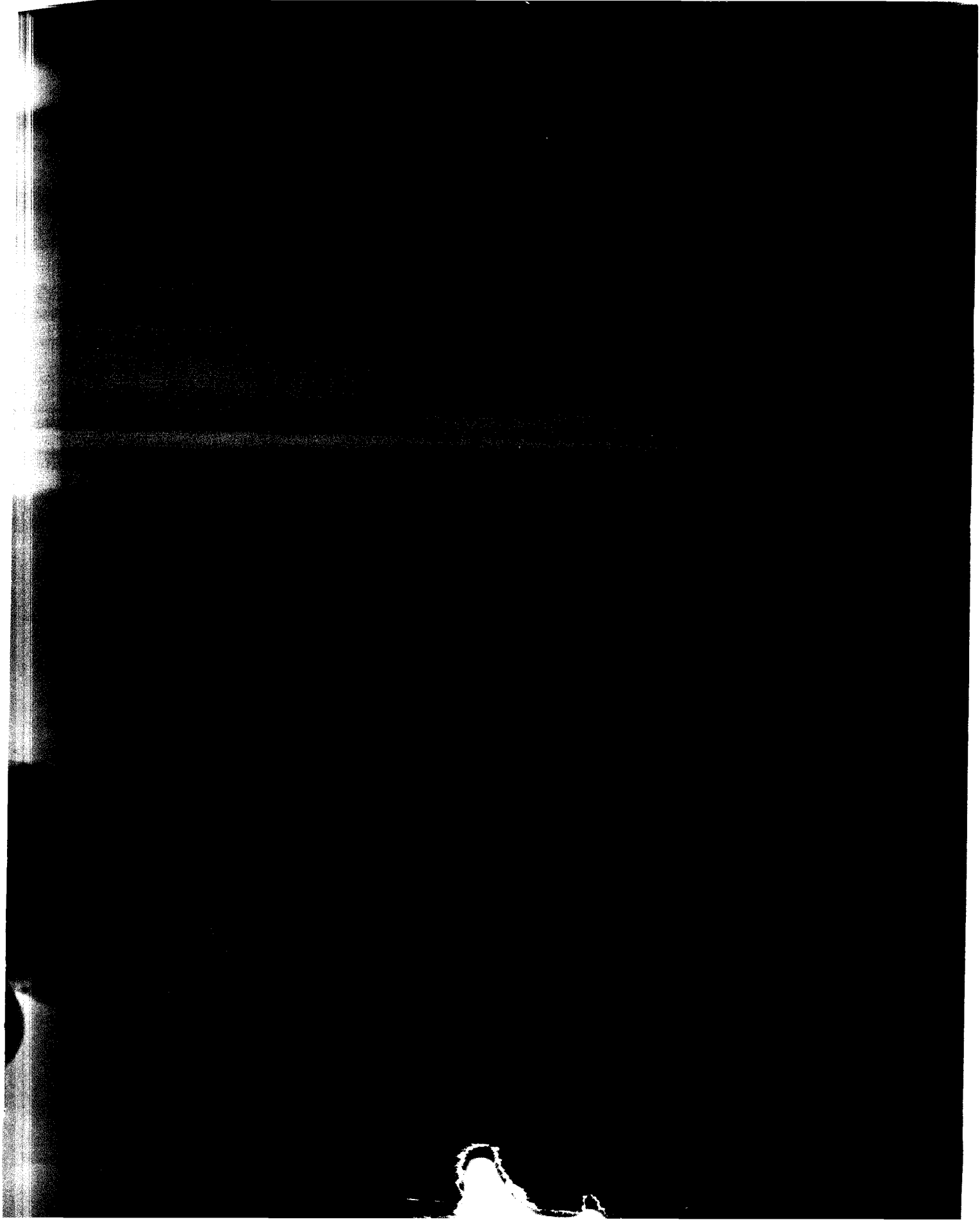

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The Nerves of Language

The Letters of Virginia Woolf, Volume II: 1912–1922
Edited by Nigel Nicolson and Joanne Trautmann
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 627 pp., $14.95

Moments of Being: Unpublished Autobiographical Writings by Virginia Woolf
Edited and with an introduction by Jeanne Schulkind
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 207 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Ellen Moers

A REALLY good volume of letters—and Virginia Woolf may turn out to be the last of the great letter writers—offers the reader both the profound satisfactions of serious literature and the vulgar excitements of a crack mystery. For there are puzzles to be solved on every page. Letters are not only spontaneous revelations of character but also miniature dramas of pretense played out for different correspondents. Here the audience is made up of Vanessa Bell, the painter; Lytton Strachey, the biographer; Margaret Llewelyn Davies, the feminist; Roger Fry, the art critic; Ottoline Morrell, the society hostess; Ka Cox, the war heroine; T. S. Eliot, the American poet. The time is 1912 to 1922, when war swept out the old-fashioned, brought in the modern, and the writer is the novelist Virginia Woolf, who, as a modernist, evoked the temporal flux, the shapeless atmosphere of character. "How did one judge people, think of them?" Lily Briscoe asks herself in *To the Lighthouse*. "How did one add up this and that and conclude that it was liking one felt, or disliking? And to those words, what meaning attached, after all? . . . And to follow her thought was like following a voice which speaks too quickly to be taken down by one's pencil, and the voice was her own voice saying without prompting undeniable, everlasting, contradictory things. . . ."

To her sister, Vanessa, she writes her longest, nastiest letters, mainly gossip and the tales of the servants, for Vanessa was tied to a country household of children, lovers, and paintpots, and it must have been a kindness to amuse her with the couplings and collapses of their London friends. To her old, dear, malicious, homosexual friend Lytton Strachey she writes as an equal, writer to writer, cheering and envying the success of his biographical debunking of the Eminent Victorians; yet "putting in a claim for the novel form" in which she herself was then snubbing the old Victorians (in *Night and Day*), but with more atmosphere, less wit. And she writes one absolutely noble letter to the eminent Victorian Thomas Hardy, thanking him for his poetry and his praise of her father, Leslie Stephen.

To Roger Fry she writes in the bitchy Bloomsbury tone she used so often and so well: "Eliot says that Joyce's novel is the greatest work of the age—Lytton says he doesn't mean to read it. Clive says—well, Clive says that Mary Hutchinson has a dressmaker who would make me look like other people." To T. S. Eliot she writes with uneasy respect, for he was from another world than Bloomsbury ("an American of the highest culture, so that his writing is almost unintelligible") and his opinions as a critic impressed and alarmed her: "Did I tell you that I have laid out £4 upon Ulysses [which] Leonard began to read last night. I mean to, if it goes on raining. And then, you know, your critical reputation will be at stake."

To Lady Robert Cecil she writes her hatred of, her repugnance for, Beatrice and Sidney Webb, founding theorists of the Labour Party: "I can't imagine how two small old people like that manage to destroy everything one likes and believes in." She loved and believed in Leonard Woolf, whose friends the Webbs were. They were also patrons of his rising career as Labour theorist, in which Virginia took great pride. To her husband, Leonard, she writes rarely, because they were inseparable companions during that first decade

Lady Ottoline Morrell was in the habit of taking informal photos of the literary folk who gathered at her homes in London and Garsington. These snapshots have now been published in "Lady Ottoline's Album" (Knopf, $12.50), from which we reproduce two of Virginia Woolf (with Lytton Strachey).

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of their marriage. But there are a few poignant, passionate love letters from the sanitarium she entered in 1913, to fend off an attack of madness (which turned her hostile, violent, suicidal); the letters are full of concern for *his* welfare.

Which was the real Virginia Woolf? What was she really like? Volume II of her letters, which, from cover to cover, absorbs, enchants, and perplexes the reader, comes to an end with the mystery unsolved—and with the reader panting for Volume III, due next year. Our insatiable curiosity about the real Virginia Woolf and our craving to pursue in her letters every twist of her mind, every day of her life, are tributes to the fascination of a rare personality and a rarer epistolary style. Also to the quality of the book, elegant in typography and design, and in the editorial comment by Nigel Nicolson (who contributes a fine introduction) and Joanne Trautmann. Happily, Volume II is less marred than was Volume I by irritating editorial allusions to unsubstantiated sexual gossip, although there is a new gratuitous titillation here: the unexplained excision from some letters of substantial passages, showily indicated with rows of dots. (A spot check of a few of the manuscript letters in New York suggests that the trivial matter cut pertains not to Virginia Woolf but to Bloomsbury relations, and that the editors exhibit a prudery about Clive Bell's private life that hardly affects their treatment of his wife, Vanessa.)

WE ALREADY possess many alternate intimate records of Virginia Woolf during this decade. There is Leonard Woolf's own *Beginning Again: An Autobiography of the Years 1911–1918*, where he recounts soberly and convincingly their happy marriage, her illness, his nursing, their developing careers. There is Virginia Woolf's diary, fully and beautifully kept from 1917, of which we already have a one-volume selection (*A Writer's Diary*, published in 1964); we will soon have the full diary, for it is being edited by Olivier Bell, the wife of Quentin Bell, who gave us a two-volume biography of Virginia Woolf in 1974.

Then there is Virginia Woolf's criticism —sensitive, brilliant, always highly personal—the finest literary work she did during this period. If read in the order of composition, the 183 reviews and essays Woolf published between 1912 and 1922 provide a revelation of the woman who may have been most alive when she was reading—James, George Eliot, Dostoevski, Charlotte Brontë, Hopkins, Yeats.

Then there is her fiction, the three novels from this period, all obliquely reflecting inward concerns: *The Voyage Out* (the virgin's unhappy pilgrimage among the old); *Night and Day* (the making of the ideal marriage, to a man socially inferior but superior in all husbandly qualities); *Jacob's Room*, a threnody for golden, prewar youth cut off (as was her favorite brother) in early manhood.

And now, in addition, there are her "unpublished autobiographical writings," collected in a scholarly edition by Jeanne Schulkind under the title *Moments of Being*. These are five memoirs of varying quality, written between 1907 and 1940, dealing mainly with her first thirty years —a life "tortured and fretted" by swift, untoward disasters: the deaths of her mother, her brother Thoby, her half-sister Stella, her difficult father; and the unwelcome attentions of her half-brother George Duckworth, who rudely introduced her to some sort of sex in the nursery, and to society in London's boring ballrooms.

Four of these autobiographical sketches are written with the charming, obfuscating shallowness of her Bloomsbury-bitch letters, and indeed properly belong to that genre, for they were designed either for her sister Vanessa's eyes alone or for reading at the Memoir Club, a Bloomsbury enclave. But one of the memoirs, "A Sketch of the Past," is found treasure. The longest and last-written (when she turned fifty-eight, just before her suicide), it is the pure, unaffected, exquisite tragedy of her love for her mother, who had died when Virginia was thirteen. When we ponder what Virginia Woolf was really like, when we try to imagine what she was really thinking as she wrote her fiction and her letters, one constant level of the mind we conjure up must accommodate, like a droning bass, the following words: "Until I was in the forties . . . the presence of my mother obsessed me. I could hear her voice, see her, imagine what she would do or say as I went about my day's doings."

The doings of her thirties, covered by Volume II of the letters, are those of a happy, busy wife and professional writer; indeed, a major interest of these letters is the prescription they offer for the ideal life of the literary woman (fortunately for the race, hers alone): no children; private income; attractive homes with servants; supportive, not too famous husband; cheerful hobbies and sociabilities; ceaseless writing; and family connections to the editors and publishers who printed her work. The first letter in the volume, written the day after her marriage, she signs "V.W."; and Leonard Woolf's wife she remained, as person and writer, for the rest of her life. She chose him, a brilliant but not prepossessing young Jew, because he adored her, took her writing ambitions seriously, cared about both the arts and public affairs, cared nothing for London society, and was a heterosexual—a list of qualifications that none of her numerous rejected suitors had combined. That she chose wisely, and returned his love, all the letters in this volume testify. *1913*: ". . . as we are sitting over the fire together and Leonard wants to work, I shall write to you—Otherwise, as you know, I am always looking up and saying 'now do tell me honestly, am I more clever than beautiful, or beautiful than clever, or good than either'—which is the very devil when you want to read economics."

THEY wrote side by side, and read and praised each other's work. They traveled together to Leonard's political meetings; entertained friends whom they both enjoyed in city and country; gardened and studied Russian together; joined to keep her recurring physical illnesses from turning into mental collapse, which wasn't easy, but worked for the eight sane years after 1914. Most of all, they immersed themselves together in that crazy venture of Leonard's (clearly devised as therapy), the Hogarth Press, which they ran themselves, two clumsy amateurs, with a secondhand press on the dining table of their London house. Virginia's letters are full of the delights of setting type, designing covers, commissioning woodcuts, printing, sewing, binding, wrapping, selling by mail, choosing one work by T. S. Eliot and rejecting another by James Joyce.

The Hogarth Press drew husband and wife together in inky service to the muse during the years when Leonard was slowly abandoning the writing of his own fiction and becoming the leading Labour expert on international and colonial affairs. *1917*: "After 2 hours work at the press, Leonard heaved a terrific sigh and said 'I wish to God we'd never bought the cursed thing!' To my relief, though not surprise, he added 'Because I shall never do anything else.' You can't think how exciting, soothing, ennobling and satisfying it is."

Hogarth Press, with its increasingly

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distinguished publications, became Virginia Woolf's pledge to the future of civilization during the cataclysmic decade when the old world was crumbling into the abyss of the past and public affairs, which she despised as products of "the patriarchal machinery," clamored for attention she refused to pay. Zeppelins hover high in the air above these letters, but in a thousand letters she mentions no assassinations, declarations, or treaties; no battles or trenches (though a single shell killed one and wounded another of Leonard's brothers); no American intervention, Irish Rebellion, Russian Revolution. To her sister she writes as follows, two days after the Armistice: "The London poor, half drunk and very sentimental or completely stolid with their hideous voices and clothes and bad teeth, make one doubt whether any decent life will ever be possible, or whether it matters if we're at war or at peace. But I suppose the poor wretches haven't much notion how to express their feelings."

Her feelings she expressed as literature. Her one service to England in those dangerous years was to fumble for her own, and England's, modernist style. It appears now that, of all her set, Virginia Woolf would come to matter most as a creative innovator, would do most to transform "Old Bloomsbury"—the title of her memoir about the prewar "society of buggers"—into the new Bloomsbury of the 1920s.

Her letters show that her initial reaction to the avant-garde was usually irritation, boredom, shocked resistance (especially to pornography), but that she quickly rose to the challenge of the new—in Joyce, Eliot, Lawrence, Yeats, Freud, the Russians. The center of her literary life was in fact receding, not only from Bloomsbury but from London, to Paris. Her very language (a proud inheritance from her innumerable literary ancestors) was becoming more Irish and American than English. The painful but exhilarating task she faced in the 1920s was remaking the English sentence, for Virginia Woolf was obsessed with her mother tongue.

1922: "Proust so titillates my own desire for expression that I can hardly set out the sentence. Oh if I could write like that! I cry . . . such is the astonishing vibration and saturation and intensification that he procures—theres [sic] something sexual in it. . . . Scarcely anyone so stimulates the nerves of language in me: it becomes an obsession." Volume III lies ahead—Virginia Woolf in her forties, moving on to *Mrs. Dalloway* and *To the Lighthouse*. ◉

Books

Public Manners, Private Lives

The Fall of Public Man
by Richard Sennett
Knopf, 373 pp., $15

Reviewed by Robert Lekachman

IN THE course of reading Richard Sennett's fascinating evocation of changing styles of personal and public expression, I was reminded of a recent experience. As a member of a panel at New York City's Riverside Church, I had been discussing some of the effects of present-day economic policies on blacks, teenagers, women, and other urban sufferers from eight years of Ford and Nixon. I took advantage of the opportunity to add some entirely unsolicited suggestions for improvement to Jimmy Carter. During the question period, a young, bearded member of the white race rose and, his voice trembling with emotion, criticized me for daring to examine the anguish of the deprived in "sanitized" language. He proceeded to suggest that in no case could a middle-aged, white man represent the aspirations and understand the feelings of the young, female, black, or poor. Somewhat testily, I responded by asserting that I didn't think it necessary to weep in public among men and women, young and old, black and white, who shared my general concerns. Old-fashioned, old leftist that I unrepentantly am, I thought it a wiser use of our time to consider possible remedies and policies for a new President and Congress.

The Fall of Public Man traces the route by which we have arrived at the point where we no longer judge our politicians, intellectuals, teachers, or even panelists by the interests they represent, the ideas they propound or espouse, or the programs for social change that they advocate. We now demand of our candidates for high (and low) office that they share our feelings. The word "trust," around which so much of the 1976 presidential contest revolved, was simple code for rival claims from the two gladiators that they were good, sincere, sympathetic, decent people just like us, their constituents. Because their hearts and ours throbbed in unison, each man deserved to be elected. That Carter narrowly won attests to the survival of some sense of economic self-interest on the part of a majority of the 53 percent of the electorate who bothered to vote. That Carter nearly lost in the midst of an abortive recovery from the severest recession since the end of the 1930s serves to buttress Sennett's argument that in the last two centuries the boundaries between private and public life have been so eroded that manifest group economic interests have become subsidiary in the political sphere to the claims of personal character and the demonstration of human empathy.

Writing from a sophisticated stance on the political left, Sennett is at once a historian, sociologist, student of psychoanalytic doctrine, accomplished cellist, and celebrant of city life. This erudite volume, which draws heavily upon family history, changing fashions in male and female attire, the literature of city planning, and successive doctrines of musical and theatrical performance, enables Sennett to combine all of his interests. I shall try to compress Sennett's central argument into the space of a book review, at the cost of ignoring a richness of historical illustration that runs, for example, to illuminating essays on French cafés and English clubs, Savonarola and Lamartine as political charismatics, the use of alcoholism as a tool of social control, and Darwin's classic study of emotion in animals and human beings.

In eighteenth-century England and France, the *ancien régime* before the cataclysms of the French and Industrial revolutions, public and private life and behavior were sharply demarcated. By the

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Here in the Sigmund Freud Museum at Vienna's Berggasse 19, I dreamed I met the great Doctor himself. What would he say about the mystery I felt in that room?

Elsewhere, in houses on streets I can't name, I heard echoes of Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Haydn. I visited the many museums and monuments reflecting the past that brought me here to Austria. I saw the Lipizzaner stallions of the Spanish Riding School, sailed the Danube, walked through the Vienna Woods.

In the mountains near Innsbruck I relived the breathtaking races of the Winter Olympics. I listened to the sound of music in the hills of Salzburg. And I was changed.

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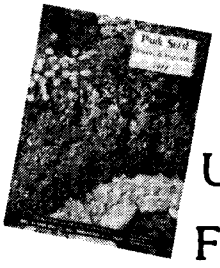

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clothes he wore, the cafés he frequented, the theater seats he occupied, a person represented a situation in society to be read at a glance by the people he encountered. Modernity has inflicted upon us the tremendous psychological burden of evaluating the personal worth, the sincerity, of each stranger and new acquaintance. We are forever asking, "What does this stranger 'really' feel? What do we feel about him?" Two centuries ago matters were simpler because well-understood conventions of behavior and personal appearance acted as a system of signs of identification for men and women of high, middling, and low degree. And because individuals knew how to deal with each other in public, cities were genuinely cosmopolitan: the urban resident expected to run across strangers, knew how to talk to them, and welcomed each day's new encounters. As father, spouse, or child, one played a more certain role in the privacy of the family because the emotion appropriate to these intimate relationships was not diffused and wasted in the public sphere.

Sennett's sympathies for the poor and the working class are far too strong to permit him to confuse psychological clarity with satisfactory economic conditions. After all, in the Paris and London workshops of the *ancien régime* operatives toiled twelve hours or more each day, six days a week, for wages that purchased miserable housing, scanty food, and frequently poisonous alcohol. Nevertheless, the turmoils of the French Revolution and the revolutions that followed in the next century were not really calculated to improve the lot of the poor, and in fact they deprived the poor of, or at least diminished some of, their few public pleasures. The French Revolution, which Sennett interprets partly as a hunt for personal authenticity (am I *really* a revolutionary?), powerfully reinforced a style of political leadership whose present stage of evolution is represented by media manipulation of the individual's emotions about politicians rather than the evaluation of the pragmatic consequences of their policies and the relation of such policies to the interests of one's own family and class.

THE French Revolution of 1789, like the revolutions of 1830 and 1848, was led by middle-class politicians. No one ought to be astonished that most of the benefits accrued to members of the same class. With much illuminating detail, Sennett traces the growing capacity

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of bourgeois politicians to win working-class support—a vital matter as voting rights were extended to the urban proletariat—by subordinating programmatic commitment to virtuosic demonstrations of emotional empathy. Taking slight issue with Karl Marx at this juncture, Sennett describes the nineteenth-century businessman as no less mystified about his actual position and economic interest, no less subject to the confusions of false class consciousness than his humble working-class employees. The sources of success were so many mysteries. Fortune was precarious. A speculation might make a plunger rich.

Equally, a massive, unexpected fraud in a century marked by spectacular business failures might cast one down among the legions of the bankrupt. Although middle-class political demagoguery most of the time served middle-class interests, charismatic politicians like William Gladstone and Georges Clemenceau were not necessarily aware of what they were up to, nor clear about the nature of the interests of their own class.

Sennett is particularly acute in his evocation of changing styles of dramatic and musical presentation as clues to shifting lines between public and private life. Thus the eighteenth-century audience, mixed in class and occupation, went to the theater or opera house partly to be seen in public, partly to express feeling in public. Members of such audiences were perfectly capable of insisting that an actor repeat an especially effective speech. A singer who had uttered a triumphant high note might be required by audience clamor to repeat the feat. The unfortunate actor who forgot his lines might be set down, occasionally permanently, by the hisses and boos of an irate audience.

By contrast, nineteenth-century audiences were enjoined to be silent until the end of a performance. Necessarily, they ceased to be part of the drama, and the emotion that men and women had freely and conventionally displayed in the days of the *ancien régime* was now at best vicariously exhibited by actors and musicians. Sennett argues that the rise of the virtuoso orchestra conductor in a sense echoed a new division of labor, almost like that of a mass-production factory. The conductor and such virtuosos as Franz Lizst and Paganini were specialists in the evocation of musical emotion. The audience was invited to receive and approve but never to participate.

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that he has changed his mind about the virtue of New Left emphasis upon localism and community control. He now perceives the new popularity of ethnic identification as diminishing the urbanity of the metropolis and reducing the chances of effective political action. The ethnic revival, as it was portrayed in the Forest Hills fracas over the construction of low-income housing in a mostly middle-class, heavily Jewish neighborhood, has turned defensive. Ethnic feeling is now a matter of hostile reaction to strangers. There is danger that the metropolis is turning into a collection of jealously guarded "turfs," no longer the community of strangers who represent the excitement and variety that have traditionally lured ambitious youths down from the farms to great cities.

In such a city, in a nation made up of such cities, the prospect of social progress, or even of any significant political action, is exceedingly slight. If only members of a group can speak for that group, if they mistrust the statements that emanate from other groups, the certain result is political fragmentation and the interposition of one or more group vetoes over any given political proposal.

We are unlikely to achieve a wholesome political and public life until we cease to displace upon our politicians psychological responsibilities that they cannot discharge. Why should we expect our Presidents and governors to love and reassure us? We need to evaluate politicians by their past records and present inclinations to advance our economic, not our emotional, interests.

I HAVE possibly written enough to hint that *The Fall of Public Man* is both important and difficult. There are occasions when its author's usually graceful literary style falters under the sheer weight of complex analysis and subtle distinction. The argument is not everywhere persuasive. I did not think that Sennett's employment of narcissism was a completely satisfactory interpretation of an important characteristic of modern popular culture —an endless craving for gratification, which is seldom attained. But on the scale of Sennett's design and achievement, these are quibbles. Seldom have I read a serious work of social theory that explains as much contemporary experience as Sennett's volume does. Seldom, I should immediately add, have I been so frequently entertained by the social history, public manners, and private lives of our ancestors. ◉

Books

The Embattled Prophet

Erik H. Erikson:
The Power and Limits of a Vision
by Paul Roazen
Free Press, 246 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Howard Gardner

THE distinguished psychoanalyst Erik Erikson has become for many educated Americans the contemporary equivalent of a "wise man." Ever since the publication, over a quarter century ago, of *Childhood and Society*, Erikson has been offering analyses of momentous issues: the role of religion in human affairs, the significance of various political and social revolutions, the possibilities for an ethical course in an age of perennial crisis. At first known chiefly to his fellow psychoanalytical workers, Erikson has earned an increasingly broad following; he has won many major scholarly and literary awards; he has contributed a phrase—"identity crisis"—and a discipline—"psychohistory"—to his culture; and just last September, his pioneering work on the human life cycle inspired a ninety-minute prime-time television special. Erikson, with his sharply chiseled classical features, flowing mane of white hair, and piercing eyes, has become enthroned as an authentic American sage.

For some time now Erikson has enjoyed a favorable press. The major study of his work, *Erik H. Erikson: The Growth of His Work* (1970), by Robert Coles, is unfailingly laudatory. Recently, however, some dissenting opinions have been voiced. In a front-page review in *The New York Times Book Review*, Marshall Berman severely castigated the theorist of identity for a lack of candor concerning his own identity problems; Frederick Crews, in a profound critique in the *New York Review of Books*, challenged Erikson's claims for the "scientific respectability" of his work and drew attention to the strong ideological bent in his writings; Kate Millett and other feminists have pointedly rejected Erikson's views on the "special nature" of women.

These critical pieces signaled the beginning of a serious assessment—or reassessment—of Erikson's theories, an endeavor that has now been taken up by Paul Roazen in the first full-length critical consideration of Erikson's work. A political scientist by training, Roazen has already written three significant books on the psychoanalytic movement that indicate he understands the intricacies of the discipline as well as any sympathetic outsider. He has mastered Erikson's extensive writings and is attuned to the controversies—within and beyond psychoanalytic circles—surrounding various Eriksonian claims. His book is scholarly, clearly written, artfully organized. Although not strikingly original, most of his criticisms are eminently reasonable.

Erik H. Erikson: The Power and Limits of a Vision consists of ten chapters, each discussing a different facet of Erikson's work, plus a lengthy concluding essay on the future of "depth psychology." The Erikson who emerges in these pages is a thinker who, in his focus on the ego and on the larger society, has gone well beyond Freud but still has found it impossible to break clean with the classical psychoanalytic tradition. Roazen shrewdly discerns that Erikson has sought to limn a positive alternative to the pathocentric Freudian universe and has tried to portray the normal and even the ideal adult—that wise and balanced individual prized by all societies.

He views Erikson as a "temperamental conservative," a utopian with a Pollyannaish streak, who, though seemingly engaged in a chivalrous quest for an idealized society of mutual love and respect, is uncomfortable with change, particularly of a revolutionary sort. In the end, Roazen finds Freud a more inspiring example than Erikson; expressing numerous reservations about Erikson's "vision," he seems to

Howard Gardner is a research psychologist in Boston. His most recent book is The Shattered Mind.

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endorse Freud's more stoical stance and his sober musings about civilization and its discontents.

In less than 200 pages, Roazen has provided a summary, a critique, a comparison between Freud and Erikson, and even a personal statement about ethical and clinical issues in contemporary society. Though this varied content is thought-provoking, it suffers from Roazen's failure to decide which book he wanted to write. One is left with a work too sophisticated to serve as an adequate introduction; too sketchy to provide an adequate critique of either the theory or therapy of psychoanalysis; too ambivalent to provide an authoritative assessment of Erikson; too brief and elliptical to permit a thorough discussion of the vexed issues of scientific inquiry and ethical orientation raised in the concluding chapter.

In his earlier books, Roazen made no attempt to be all things to all people. But in the present work, lacking either a compelling story (as in *Brother Animal*), a fresh fount of information (as in *Freud and His Followers*), or a new slant (as in *Freud: Political and Social Thought*), Roazen founders. Indeed, in the absence of a personal stake in either psychoanalysis or a rival body of knowledge, Roazen's critique is actually less effective (though it is, of course, far more comprehensive) than some of the briefer occasional pieces on Erikson that have appeared recently.

There are, moreover, a number of areas in which Roazen fails to do his subject justice. For example, he pays scant attention to the clinical work to which Erikson devoted many years and from which he gained his most significant insights. Nor does Roazen adequately portray Erikson's pioneering formulation of and unique gift for the application of psychohistory.

But these flaws are minor compared to the inadequate overall picture Roazen paints of Erikson. Roazen's Erikson, caught between his personal deficiencies, ideological leanings, and epistemological confusions, lacks the very freshness and clarity of vision—that ability to see deeper than others—that constitute the psychoanalyst's claim to greatness. Roazen fails to cite Erikson's unrivaled sensitivity to the penumbra of connotations surrounding pivotal words, images, and other personal and communal symbols; his unerring capacity to discern relevant themes and to alight upon appropriate metaphors for his concepts; his keen sense of ambiguity and irony (not to mention his soft humor); his penetrating and unexpected insights into contemporary political and social events; his often beautiful and sometimes mesmerizing prose style.

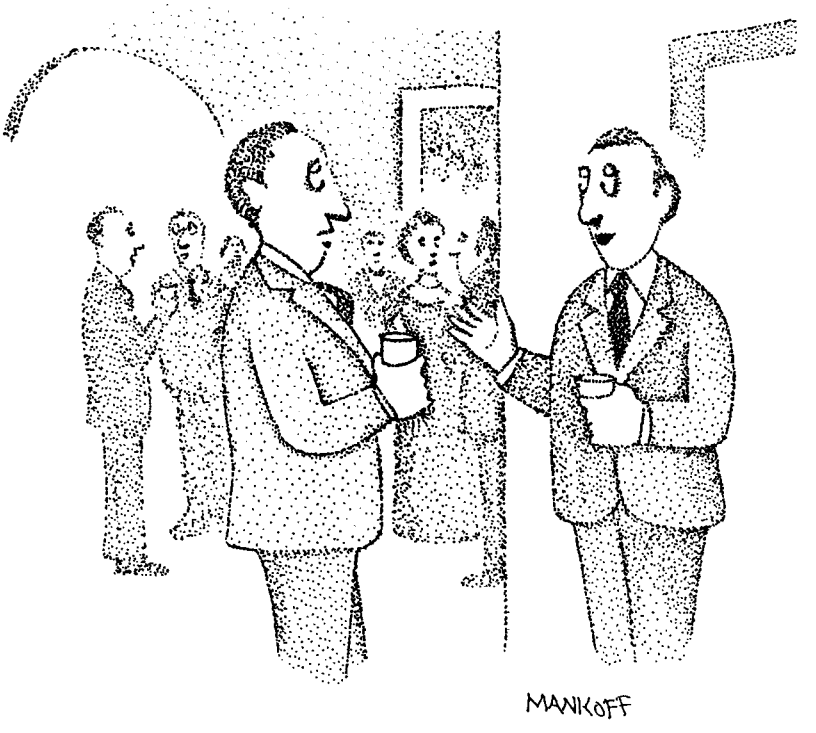
With these strictures, I wish neither to minimize Roazen's achievement nor to exalt Erikson, but to call attention to the profound issues raised by the example of Erikson—issues of which Roazen is aware but to which he is unable to devote adequate attention. What we need to determine is whether Erikson's insights are original or merely derivative; whether they are significant universally or applicable only to a particular epoch and culture; whether they grow organically out of psychoanalysis, as he would maintain, or might just as well have been conceived by a sensitive individual lacking psychoanalytic training; whether it is in fact possible to found an ethical code upon clinical findings obtained by studying diseased individuals; whether, indeed, psychoanalysis and its offspring have any claim whatever to scientific status and, if not, how this body of knowledge ought to be regarded.

Roazen's manifest ambivalence toward Erikson's achievement and his doubts about the validity of the psychoanalytic enterprise have prevented him from shedding sufficient light on these issues. Perhaps it is too soon—the kind of assessment for which I am calling may only be possible at a later time. For the present, however, Roazen has at least produced an intelligent and readable book, to which future works about Erik Erikson will necessarily be addressed. ◉

Books in Brief

Henry and Cato
by Iris Murdoch
Viking, 340 pp., $10

Iris Murdoch remains beholden and betrothed to the nineteenth-century novel, which she re-creates at the remarkable speed of almost one a year. *Henry and Cato* follows in kind. Henry Marshalson, a mediocre English don on an extended teaching job in America, receives word that his red-haired, rakish brother, Sandy, has left him unexpected heir to their ancestral home, Laxlinden Hall. Black-sheep Henry returns to England to dispose prosaically but civic-mindedly of the encumbrance. He is countered by his majestic mother, Gerda, and her lion-maned mascot, Luscious Lamb. False starts, surprise contrivances, and ironic turns stamp the Murdochian plot, involving her further assortment of eccentrics, among them a homosexual-tending priest, Cato of the title; a delinquent parvenu whom Cato calls Beautiful Joe; a typist and former secret mistress of



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brother Sandy, who pretends to be a stripper and a tart. Not the least of all the figures is the goddess Athena, represented in Laxlinden's seventeenth-century Flemish tapestry. In arranging destinies, Murdoch takes a less heroic posture than "stern" Athena and a less "impassive" one. If her people are symptomatically incapable of acting and loving freely, she spares them all-out destruction on her civilized battlefield. Murdoch cares too much to play the authoress paring her fingernails. Her usual readers will see the familiar pattern of her plot yet continue to enjoy the solidity and oddly growing preservative spirit of her cushy, atavistic storytelling. —LINDA KUEHL

Tweed's New York: Another Look
by Leo Hershkowitz
Anchor Press/Doubleday, 409 pp., $12.50

LEO HERSHKOWITZ here hypothesizes that Boss Tweed was one of New York's most dedicated politicians and a man hounded out of office by self-serving reformers, dishonest newspapers, and Republican rivals. With his sentimental, sometimes sobbing prose, the author turns William M. Tweed from archetypal Tammany villain into tragic hero. What might have been a fascinating rewrite of a historical climate becomes merely interesting posturing because Hershkowitz is determined against all odds—and facts and figures—to prove Tweed innocent of charges of corruption. If *The New York Times* made an editorial indictment of Tammany, Hershkowitz dismisses it as unfounded nonsense, without showing whether or not it *was* nonsense. Cartoonist Thomas Nast is described as nothing but a "political propagandist and executioner for *Harper's Weekly*."

It is enlightening to know that Tweed did, in fact, contribute much to New York's grandeur. He initiated, for example, the incorporation of the Metropolitan Museum, the New York Stock Exchange, and the Trustees of the Lenox Library. The book also levels charges at Tweed's enemies, who wanted not only his removal but his destruction. Still, Hershkowitz is unable to counter the charges of Tweed's contemporaries, and in failing to do so does little to change our persistent view that Tweed was indeed a boss who made the fine art of politics into a big business. —JOHN MARIANI

Wit Twister No. 87
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 69.

The Scottish ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
now perforce must row
Back to the steamer, and his ___ ___
___ ___ ___ ___ is slow.
His leave is up. No lass will share
his berth,
So what are all his ___ ___ ___ ___
___ ___ and trinkets worth?

Contributed by Dr. Gilbert J. Plain, Ridgecrest, Calif.

Roosevelt's Revolution: The First Year— A Personal Perspective
by Rexford G. Tugwell
Macmillan, 327 pp., $14.95

WHEN Franklin D. Roosevelt became President forty-four years ago, Washington was a modest town; the federal government, small; and the American economy, a shambles. Rexford Tugwell, one of FDR's closest advisers, provides an insider's account of those heady days when the Democrats returned to the White House, after twelve years outside of it, armed with energy, ideals, and promises, but no clear policies for resolving the economic crisis. From the beginning, Tugwell advocated extreme economic controls but admits that immediate necessities more than rational design dictated the actions taken. And as FDR tried diverse solutions, Tugwell increasingly found himself "presenting a logical version of our efforts" in hopes that "they would gradually become logical."

More than a memoir, Tugwell's book records the emergence of big government through the forced marriage of public authority and social need. It also notes the irony of Roosevelt's having resisted the expansion by campaigning against Hoover's extravagance and vowing to cut federal expenditures by 25 percent. "But the government grew," says Tugwell, because "it had to." And with it grew the city of Washington, the powers and costs of bureaucracy, and a sense of lost political innocence, which President Carter now wishes to restore.

—JAMES SLOAN ALLEN

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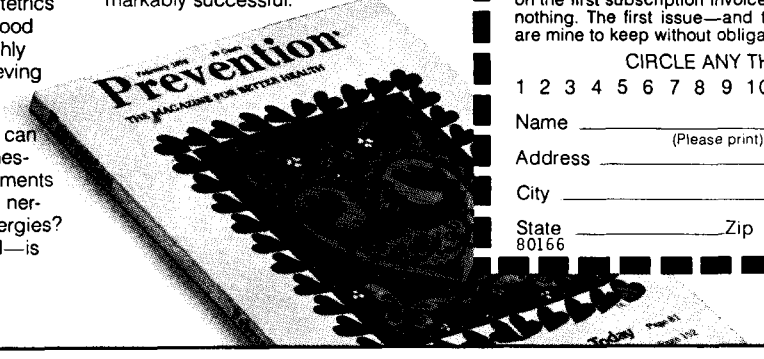

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Worth Having

Marianne Moore has called Robert Francis "penetrating, delicate, and wise," and that he is. Born in 1901, Francis has been writing poetry since 1926, and for most of his adult life he has lived a semimonastic, health-food kind of life in Amherst, Mass. He is not one of our major poets, but his *Collected Poems* (University of Massachusetts Press, just published, $15) is worth having in any fairly representative poetry library. These many poems, written with quiet humor in mostly traditional forms, are about nature and country living. Here's "By Night":

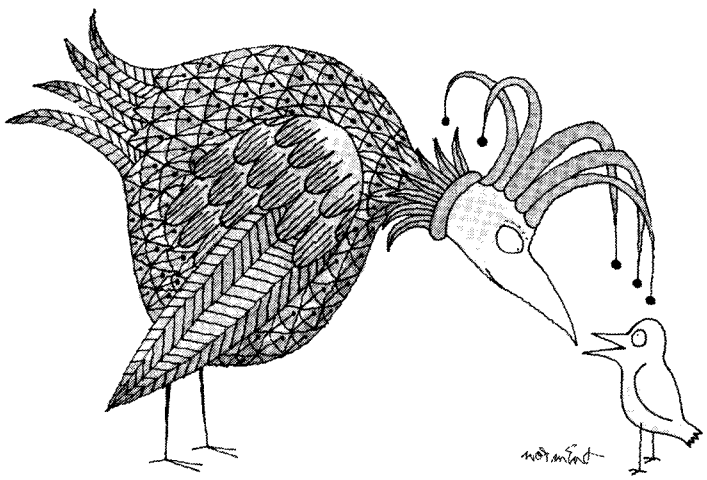
> After midnight I heard a scream.
> I was awake. It was no dream.
> But whether it was bird of prey
> Or prey of bird I could not say.
> I never heard that sound by day.

A Time and a Place Gone

At its simplest level, Robert Kotlowitz's *The Boardwalk* (Knopf, January 6, $8.95) is a Sensitive-Adolescent-Boy-Novel, Jewish Division, but it is far richer than the others in this category. The scene is Atlantic City in 1939, with the hoopla of its Boardwalk, Miss America Pageant, Steel Pier, diving horse, and hotels—the expensive ones facing the ocean, the cheaper ones behind them. We are at one of the cheaper ones, where the Lewin family are doing a kind of Cox and Box routine, shifting various members from their home in Baltimore to Sloan's Hotel, so that each can squeeze out a maximum amount of time in the sun during their two-week vacation. Teddy Lewin, fourteen, a student of the piano, is the center of our attention, but we also meet his blowsy, attractive mother, his dapper father, his cantankerous grandfather, his dour older brother, the richer relatives who stay in the posh hotels, and vacation acquaintances of all ages and degrees of flashiness, snobbery, wisdom, lust, and foolishness. The presence of the first trickle of Jewish refugees from Germany looms throughout, and during the Lewins' second week the ominous news of Hitler's invasion of Poland is relayed. A beautifully written novel about a time and a place that are gone, and about the beginning of changes in a boy and his world—and *the* world.

Words, Words, Words

Books about words are always with us, and I for one am delighted. We've recently had J. L. Dillard's *American Talk* and Edwin Newman's *A Civil Tongue*, followed by Stuart Berg Flexner's *I Hear America Talking* (Van Nostrand Reinhold, just published, $18.95). This lavish, large-format book, arranged by topics, is illustrated with photographs, drawings, prints, and cartoons allied to the words, eras, and people discussed. It could be called a sort of history through language. Take a topic heading such as "Babbitts, Joiners, Boosters, and Boobs." We're told about Sinclair Lewis's hero Babbitt; the joiners of more than one hundred American societies, such as the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine of North America; boosters of Texas stock deals; Mencken's "Booboisie"; and Fielding's Lady Booby—but no mention under this heading of "boobs" as slang for breasts. Speaking of which, our "hubba-hubba" comes "from the Chinese greeting *how-pu-how,*" picked up by soldiers in World War II and popularized by Bob Hope. But we're not told that in those days we wild ones used to innocently ask a girl if she could touch her elbows behind her back, and when she'd try we'd gleefully shout, "Hubba-hubba!" The book is full of fascinating stuff: "hello" comes from the French *holla!*—meaning "stop there!" (*ho*, "stop," + *la*, "there") ; and "honky" possibly originated in Detroit, where it was "first applied to the white men who picked up their black girl friends by sitting in their cars and honking the horn. . . ." Lots about recent terms such as "hack it," "trashing," and "firefight." The author (and others) says that "shamus," slang for detective, comes from the Hebrew *shamash*, meaning servant, but my deduction is that it's derived from the Irish name Seamus, since many Irish detectives were named Seamus. I'm probably wrong, but that's my only venture into etymology, and I treasure it.



"The artist who tries to draw your picture really has his work cut out for him, doesn't he?"

All You Want to Know About H Through N

The main complaint I hear about the Compact Edition of *The Oxford English Dictionary* (that's two volumes of tiny print in a box with a magnifying glass) is that it precludes serendipity, and serendipity is what the *OED* is all about. Years ago I invested in the original, huge, thirteen volumes, and in 1972 I bought the first *Supplement,* covering words beginning with A through G that have been added to the language since the publication of the dictionary in 1933. Now Oxford has brought out *A Supplement to the Oxford English Dictionary, Volume II: H–N* for a cool $60. Everyone who has the original thirteen volumes and the first *Supplement* will *have* to have this new addition. Everything about words such as "honky-tonk" (1940), "hustle" (1965), "headshrinker" (1950), and "mono," the 1964 shortening for "mononucleosis." *Even* the notorious "m . . . . . f . . . . ." (1956). The supplements are not available in the non-serendipitous Compact Edition. ◉

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Artsletter

CARTER AND THE ARTS

A large question mark hangs over the federal government's future intentions toward the arts. Will the arts have an active friend in the White House? And what policy changes, if any, can be expected? Answers will not be forthcoming immediately. In its early days in office the Carter administration will be grappling with more pressing matters than defining new directions for government support of the arts. Nevertheless, some decisions in the next few weeks or months will suggest the shape of things to come.

New chairmen for the Humanities and Arts endowments must be appointed. Ronald Berman's term as chairman of the Humanities Endowment has already expired, and he is certain to be replaced. Nancy Hanks, who has guided the Arts Endowment since 1969, will reach the end of her present term this October. Despite widespread satisfaction with her achievements at the Endowment, there is good reason to believe that she will step down at the end of her term. Miss Hanks's successor will probably be appointed this spring, so that planning for future programs can proceed without interruption. Carter's choices for these key posts are eagerly awaited.

The new appointments may herald some new procedures and attitudes. The President-elect has declared his objective of streamlining the Washington bureaucracy—including, one must assume, the arts bureaucracy. As for new attitudes, Carter's pre-election statements would seem to indicate a shift in emphasis from established institutions to the kind of community projects that are "designed to bring arts programs and cultural events to more Americans." He has also said that "we must pay more attention to developing support for the arts in all parts of the country rather than concentrating solely on major metropolitan areas." But the gap between rhetoric and reality can sometimes be pretty wide, and we shall have to await some concrete moves to know which way the wind lies.

Meanwhile, the Arts Endowment's funding for fiscal 1978 must still be requested and voted. The outgoing administration will be submitting its budget report to Congress this month. Given the mood of austerity in Washington these days, it is unlikely that President Ford will request the full $137.5 million authorized for the Arts Endowment. Carter could conceivably recommend an upward revision of the Ford arts budget, but that seems unlikely for fiscal 1978. The President-elect has gone on record as favoring increased funding for the Arts Endowment. He added, however, that "before we can put a dollar amount on the increase we must remember that the federal government has many tools it can use to aid artists and advance the arts—among them tax policies, copyright laws, government procurement policies, and broadcast regulations."

MANHATTAN BENEFACTIONS

William S. Paley, board chairman of CBS, has donated $2 million for a Museum of Broadcasting at 1 East 53rd Street in New York City. Its purpose: to preserve on tape important radio and television programs dating back to the 1920s. The museum is already open and functioning, though its collection is still quite small. Within five years, however, some 18,000 broadcasts are expected to be on file. These broadcasts will be stored in the form of tape cassettes, which the public can audition or view on the museum's own equipment. Paley's gift will keep the institution going until 1980. Thereafter it is hoped that funds from public, private, and corporate sources can be found to continue its operations.

Walter H. Annenberg, president of Triangle Publications (and former U. S. ambassador to Great Britain), has pledged $20 million for an arts communications center at the Metropolitan Museum. Its director will be Thomas Hoving, who retires as head of the Metropolitan itself at the end of this year. The new facility—officially, The Fine Arts Center of the Annenberg School of Communications—will disseminate information about art to students, teachers, curators, and the general public by means of slides, films, television, and publications. Annenberg's inspiration came from Lord Clark's "Civilization" series on TV. "I nourished the hope," he said, "that this marvelous survey of man's artistic heritage could ultimately serve as a prototype of other such efforts, until the whole range of human accomplishment in the fine arts could be brought together and made available for widespread dissemination." The center will occupy part of a still-to-be-built wing of the museum that is also intended to house European painting and sculpture.

—ROLAND GELATT

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Tom Stoppard: The Man Behind the Plays

by Bruce Cook

Tom Stoppard is that rarity, an intellectual playwright who has won a popular audience for himself. In 1967 he burst like a skyrocket on America with *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead.* Those who were not taken with the literary dash and dare of that remarkable play were won over by its delightfully witty dialogue. And so it was also with those that followed—*The Real Inspector Hound, After Magritte,* the brilliantly abstruse *Jumpers,* and his greatest American success to date, *Travesties.* Last year's Tony Award winner set critics on fire and audiences aglow with its hip blend of pop cultural history —with Lenin, Tzara, and Joyce in Zurich —and wildly inspired word games.

Stoppard's newest play (or plays—he's not sure which), *Dirty Linen & New-Found-Land,* opens January 11 at the Golden Theater in New York City. It should add considerably to the audience he has established here, for it is both his funniest and most accessible work to date. However, it reveals nothing more than the rest about the man who wrote it. Of all playwrights, he is surely the least personal. None of his works—and add to the plays a novel, *Lord Malquist and Mr. Moon*—offer hints of a personal kind. They shine with such brilliance that it is impossible to see through to the man behind them.

In search of Stoppard (pronounced as a spondee, Stow-Pard), that man behind the plays, I began following the author around Washington, D. C., notebook in hand, when he recently came to see the new play through rehearsals prior to its opening there. The theory is that if you stick close to a subject, even one as elusive and reticent as he is, then eventually he will reveal himself.

Dirty Linen & New-Found-Land, which I caught at a preview, is a sparkling work, with all the verbal wit we have every right to expect from the author of *Travesties.* It is laid solidly upon an old-fashioned sex-farce foundation: a meeting of Parliament's Select Committee on Promiscuity in High Places, complete with a cuddly blonde secretary who loses articles of clothing, one by one, to the members of the committee as she struggles vainly to record their indignation at evidence of sex scandals among M.P.s reported in the penny press. In the midst of it, the committee recesses for twenty minutes, and the meeting room is taken over by a couple of civil servants who are considering the application of an American for naturalization as a British subject. This becomes the occasion for a bravura speech by the younger of the two in which he describes a quite mythical trip across America, during the course of which paean he rings all the clichéd changes on the theme of America so dear to the hearts of Europeans. The committee then returns, and its most straitlaced member proposes a live-and-let-live policy with regard to delinquent members—he having been shown the light during the recess by the committee's secretary.

It seems almost too fortuitous, doesn't it? Coming into Washington, D. C., with a comedy satirizing sexual misconduct in high places close on the round heels of Fanne Foxe and Liz Ray? Surely Stoppard couldn't have written it to order? Surely not: "It is, I admit, rather unusually good timing," says the author. "But quite accidental. We had our own scandals, you know, at about the time it opened in London—though we don't do things on quite the scale you do here. Again, it was all quite coincidental. I wrote this quickly, but it was an idea I had carried around with me for years. There is, after all, a certain timelessness to the subject."

Such pronouncements are delivered in characteristic Stoppard style, diffidence masking a certain aggressive quality. He's tough without seeming so, managing to get what he wants without demanding it. Physically, Tom Stoppard is tall and boyishly awkward, a bit in the manner of a superannuated pop star.

Watching him prowl about the theater during rehearsal, you get a truer sense of the restless energy that has gone into the creation of his plays than you ever will by talking to him. There seems an almost physical quality to his intelligence as he roams through one row of seats and then another, listening, nodding, shaking his head—as director Ed Berman stands squarely opposite stage center, calmly listening, assessing, adjusting lines and bits of business here and there. Stoppard, who says he has no wish to direct, is nevertheless not a bit shy about making suggestions—none of this passing of notes—but the final word is Berman's.

Berman: bearded, stocky, a man of some substance and strength. The cast of ten, about half American and half resident-English, responds well to him. At one point, trying to get a more reckless reading from one of the English actors, Berman chides, "You British are all alike." Meaning, restrained. Another member of the cast responds, "*We* British are all alike?"

That is, including Berman, who was born in Maine, went to Harvard, then on to Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar, and decided to stay in England. It is his application for naturalization as a British subject that the civil servants are considering in the *New-Found-Land* section of the Stoppard play—which in a way is how the thing came to be written in the first place. Stoppard had agreed to write a play about America for a Bicentennial series Berman was doing at his lunch-hour theater in London. Completely stuck and with only weeks to go, Stoppard, in a great rush, wrote *Dirty Linen,* which was fine in itself but had nothing to do with America. Then he came up with the happy idea of handling that obligation by sandwiching a playlet on Berman's naturalization in the middle. Which accounts for the odd, intermissionless shape of the whole of it. But be assured: it works.

"Of course it works," says Berman. "Tom happens to be a genius with words and stagecraft. He sees every single instant of a play as he writes it. He has an instinct for it, a genius."

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Tim Boxer/Pictorial Parade

Tom Stoppard—"Dash and dare."

Neither Stoppard nor Berman is quite sure when the two met, but by now they must know one another very well indeed. *Dirty Linen & New-Found-Land* is the third play he has written for him, the others being *After Magritte* and something *so* special that only Berman's troupe could play it, *Dogg's Our Pet*.

But, pumping Berman, what about Stoppard's genius? What sort is it?

"You're asking me to define genius?"

"His."

"Well, the first part for anybody is genes, and the second part, I suppose, is where you're born and how fast you get away from there. Tom and I both got out. In that sense, I suppose, we're both expatriates."

Ed Berman touches on something important—more important than Tom Stoppard will allow or perhaps realizes. Stoppard was born in Czechoslovakia of Czech parents in 1937. In time for World War II. "Just before the war things got ugly, and the company my father worked for sent him to Singapore. At the first indication that the Japanese were coming, women and children were sent to India, where I spent the war. My father remained behind and was killed. I don't know what the circumstances were. I have a slight memory of my father, but only that."

You need not be much of a psychologist to see in this the source of that sense of profound disorientation that permeates his plays. Nor should it be surprising that the child who first spoke Czech would grow into the writer whose version of English seems always to have something of a foreign language to it—that sense of freshness and verbal discovery, of sport with words.

Obliquely, I call Stoppard's attention to this, but he shrugs it off: "There is, of course, a school of thought that claims that everything does pertain. In my case, I don't think so."

I have him to myself in what must be Georgetown's least glamorous restaurant, a corner hamburger joint in which we ducked to escape the morning rain. He's killing time with me until that day's rehearsal begins, sipping coffee glumly as he regards the wet streets and splashing autos.

After the war he went to England with his mother. He grew up there and attended boarding schools in Nottinghamshire and Yorkshire before going to work as a reporter for a Bristol newspaper at the age of seventeen. By the time he left Bristol in 1960 to free-lance in London, he had become drama critic and had written an unproduced play.

"In England at that time seven out of ten who wanted to write were writing plays," Stoppard says, "and the other three were trying. Of these, four would be carbon copies of *Look Back in Anger*, and the other three of *Waiting for Godot*."

During this time he served an extended apprenticeship as a playwright for radio and television—that first theater piece of his rewritten as *Enter a Free Man*. All of this before *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*, which was begun as a one-act play, a skit almost, and then grew from that into a remarkably witty work about the little people in *Hamlet* who are crushed by the passions of the big ones.

"The why of that one? It would be difficult to say. It's just that I suddenly had a notion of these two people who see these strange things go on at the castle and then get killed and don't know why. As soon as we see it in this way, it becomes a comedy, though a rather ruthless one."

Somebody suggested to me once that the function of the acrobats in *Jumpers* was to keep the play more or less under control. When things might be getting just a little too deep philosophically, then on would come the acrobats to divert the audience. Stoppard says no: "It's not true that I decide how deep to go. I'm very sorry to have to tell you that *Jumpers* is as deep as I could get it. The real answer is that the kind of stuff I write is an expression of my temperament. I seem to have gotten into a situation in which I am attempting a marriage of the play of ideas with farce or comedy. I don't know if it works, but in a way, I don't care, because it's all I can do."

We talk on desultorily some minutes longer there at the hamburger stand—about *Travesties*, which he says he wrote for John Wood, the only time he has written specifically for an actor. About the changes he makes in the text of a play when he takes it from England to America: "Practically none." And about the difference between the New York audience and the London audience: "I remember feeling that New York audiences seemed brighter and more receptive. But in New York, on the other hand, we're more nervous about losing an audience. In London, the playwright is allowed a certain credit—an overdraft on the audience's attention will be forgiven if he meets his obligation and ultimately pays it back."

But by this time I have lost him. He is off in spirit to the West End Theater and the last rehearsal to be held there before opening night. It remains only for me to transport his body there. We walk to the car. I ask about the sort of life he leads in suburban Iver Heath, outside London. He says he works in fits and starts and usually under deadline pressures. What does he do with himself during the stretches between plays?

"Well, actually I have four children ranging in age from two to ten. With a wife who works, I find that my time is pretty well filled up just being at home. I rather like it that way."

Miriam, Tom Stoppard's wife who works, is a physician, the medical director of a very large pharmaceutical firm, Syntex, and something of a celebrity in Britain as a panelist on the BBC quiz show *Call My Bluff*. Ed Berman has told me that among those who depend on the telly for their culture she is far better known than her husband.

"We both work very hard," Stoppard continues. "Harder really than we ought to, so that we always seem to be having a bit of a strain just getting through the week. In any case there's really not time for the sort of writer's life people are supposed to have in London and in New York and such places."

By now, we are in the car and driving to the theater. He continues talking, almost as though to himself: "It's really not the sort of life that's very good copy, I'm afraid. I do like it, though. I find that to write at all I need mental stability."

"And emotional?"

"Yes, mental, emotional, filial, patriarchal—every sort of stability that's available to a person." ◉

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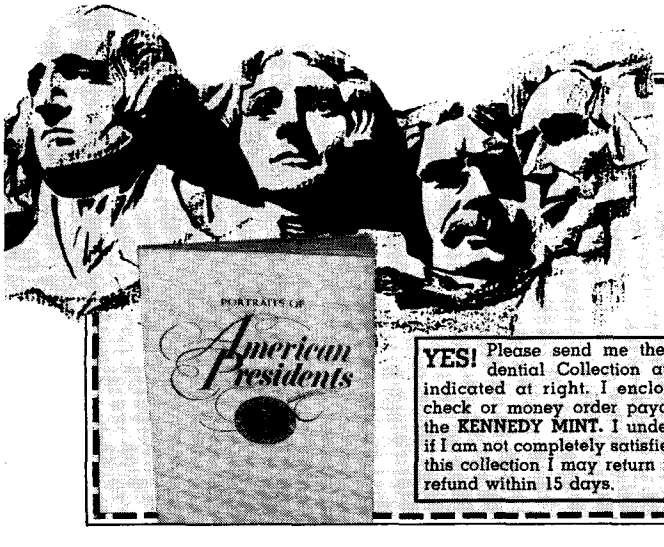

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The Movies

The Best and the Worst of 1976

by Judith Crist

IN THE "instant retrospect" that is the hallmark of our time—if not of the critical calling—it wasn't a bad Bicentennial year for movies, that infant of the arts whose own centennial is still nineteen years away and who acquired its voice only fifty years ago come October. Nineteen hundred seventy-six was, after all, the year in which 110 million people watched *Gone With the Wind*, replete with more than 120 commercials, during its two-part telecast; the box-office neck-and-neck blockbusters were *All the President's Men* and *The Omen*; and the Motion Picture Academy, typically, Oscared the popular (*One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*) instead of the enduring (*Nashville* or *Barry Lyndon*), all of which tells us something about national taste. Oh yes—Steve McQueen's asking price for acting went up to $3 million.

There was a slight drop in the number of films released here, with fewer than two hundred coming our way. Box-office revenue sagged from its 1975 high, and the blame could go to Bicentennial or election-year diversions or the continuing inroads on moviegoing from the presentation of uninterrupted classics and relatively recent movies via the Public Broadcasting Service, cable, and Home Box Office.

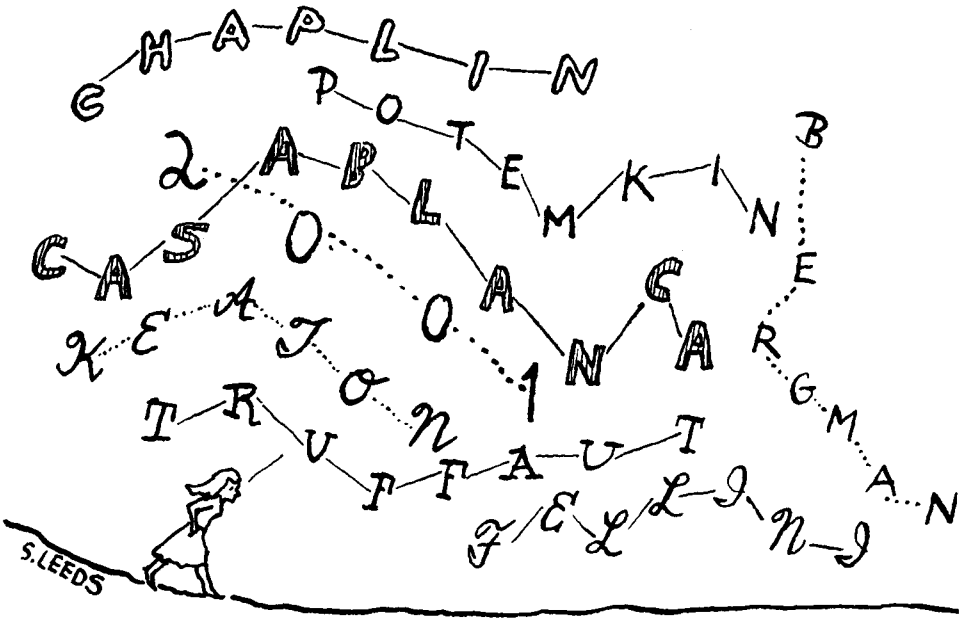
For moviegoers, it was a year of the unspectacular, with the disaster-film fad fading; a year of comedy, ranging from the majors (Mel Brooks's *Silent Movie*, Richard Lester's *The Ritz*, Neil Simon's *Murder by Death*) to the minors (*Drive-in, The Big Bus, Car Wash*); a year of probing the past, whether in the fact-based fictions of *The Front* and *Voyage of the Damned* or in documentaries like *The Memory of Justice* and *Hollywood on Trial*, or the contemporary, by re-creation in *Network* and *All the President's Men* or by document in *Grey Gardens, California Reich*, and *Idi Amin Dada*. It was a year of hullabaloo about the remakes of *King Kong* and *A Star Is Born*—neither of which is viewable at this writing—and it was the year, of course, when Robert Redford changed buddies, giving up Paul Newman and high jinks for Dustin Hoffman and journalism.

It was the year of the big-name directors, with Truffaut, Hitchcock, Penn, Schlesinger, Altman, Kazan, Minnelli, Lumet, and Bergman offering major works with varying success. On the women's front, Jeanne Moreau turned *auteur* (albeit with the disastrous *Lumière*), Barbra Streisand turned executive producer (with the long-delayed *A Star Is Born*), and Elaine May finally finished *Mikey and Nicky*, begun in 1973 (and also unavailable for viewing at this writing). Faced again with the high or low product (television continues to siphon off the middle-level work in movies made for that medium), critics seemed reduced again to a hate/love relationship with film, thereby not only preparing their parishes for over-expectation but also depriving them of the pleasant-enough-but-not-terrific movie that is, after all, the bread-and-butter of moviegoing.

But generalizations can carry us only so far. Herewith, the presentation of this moviegoer's list of the ten films that have proved most meaningful:

1. **Network**, written by Paddy Chayevsky and directed by Sidney Lumet, towers over the year's offerings as an engrossing "now" drama that gives you the shudders about the day after tomorrow; a biting and outrageous satirical view of television's rating game, it deals ruthlessly with the players and their patsies in a brilliant, original work sparkling with comedy and compassion.

2. **Cousin, Cousine**, by France's Jean-Charles Tacchella, is a joyous family-based adult love story—mature in its attitudes toward the roots of love, the bonds of affection, and the passions of sex. It warms us in the kindness of its people and gives us a heart-lifting share in the wonders of an honest man-woman relationship. Its distinction is its saturation in good folk, with all their flaws and foibles laid bare.



3. **Bound for Glory**, Hal Ashby's carefully detailed depiction of the four crucial consciousness-raising years of Woody Guthrie's young manhood, triumphs on two levels: David Carradine's portrait of the future folk hero is sweet and sure and spiced by mortality, and Ashby's re-creation of a crucial time and place in our recent past substantiates a legend.

4. **All the President's Men**, adapted from the Woodward-Bernstein book by

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William Goldman, with Redford and Hoffman portraying the newspapermen whose investigative reporting in the wake of the Watergate burglary triggered a President's downfall, is, under Alan J. Pakula's direction, not only a tingling suspense story in spite of itself but also the finest film to date about professional journalism.

5. **Rocky**, a warm and loving little film written and starred in by twenty-nine-year-old Sylvester Stallone and given grit by John Avildsen's naturalistic direction, is a re-dedication to human aspiration, a paean to the "losers" who dream and who fulfill themselves in pursuit of the dream.

6. **Seven Beauties**, Lina Wertmuller's exquisitely realized indictment of the "survivors" of our society, is that rarity, a "creative" political film, one as unrelenting in its contempt for the uncommitted and the clods as in its scathing scorn for amoral men and women who come through holocausts untouched and untaught—its sting made more penetrating by the writer-director's sharp wit and awareness of the ludicrous and grotesque in our lives.

7. **The Seven-Per-Cent Solution**, producer-director Herbert Ross's elegant rendering of the Nicholas Meyer pastiche, not only sets a new standard for Holmesian concoctions (with Alan Arkin's Sigmund Freud a worthy cohort for Nicol Williamson's and Robert Duvall's refurbishments of Holmes-Watson impersonations) but also gives a touch of class and sophistication to the near-spoofery of a classic character.

8. **Small Change**, François Truffaut's tribute to childhood, glows with the comedy of youngness and applauds the instincts, the intelligence, the wiles, and the resiliency of as appealing and diversified a group of youngsters as ever a filmmaker coped with. His major accomplishment is in dealing fairly with the adults and unsentimentally with the children; the results are heartwarming and exhilarating.

9. **Face to Face** is not only Ingmar Bergman's most accessible work but also one of his finest and most intimate studies of a troubled psyche. Bergman's "voyage of self-discovery," undertaken on screen by Liv Ullmann in a magnificent portrayal, leads us—through all its familiar trappings and universal touchstones—to face ourselves with a concept of love.

10. **The Memory of Justice**, Marcel Ophuls's major documentary that probes moral issues far beyond the scope of his *The Sorrow and the Pity*, is to be honored for the issues it raises—and the final answers it refuses to give. Its consideration of where the national guilts of our post-World War II world lie, beyond the judgments of the victors at Nuremberg, pricks at the universal conscience throughout this superbly constructed and literate work.

11. Here the listing is cluttered, with this place given over to the many films that might well occupy niches above. The constricted-by-ten list just misses Martin Ritt's seriocomic *The Front*, a personal film given general truth by its honesty; the pure thriller pleasures of John Schlesinger's *Marathon Man* and Alfred Hitchcock's *Family Plot*; the stylish virtues, intelligence, and inherent artistry of Robert Altman's *Buffalo Bill and the Indians* and Arthur Penn's *The Missouri Breaks*; the delicious thrills of *Obsession* and *Carrie*, Brian De Palma's double claim to accomplishment; the affectionate laughter of Peter Bogdanovich's *Nickelodeon* and John Badham's *Bingo Long's Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings*; the nostalgic pleasures of Richard Lester's *Robin and Marian* and the bawdy fun of his *The Ritz*; the brilliant highs of invention and parody of Brooks's *Silent Movie*; the new high standard for science fiction set by Nicholas Roeg's *The Man Who Fell to Earth*; the sophisticated fairy-tale grace of Bryan Forbes's *The Slipper and the Rose*; the hilarious and sweet truths about youthful competition in Michael Ritchie's *The Bad News Bears*; the clear-eyed view of senior citizens in Robin Davis's *Cher Victor*; the pleasing nostalgia and self-mockery of Paul Mazursky's *Next Stop Greenwich Village*. . . . Little did we know as the year limped along from hit to miss that there were twenty-seven films very much worth watching.

The list of the year's worst films could, alas, be even longer. Trash is trash, of course, and should be appreciated (or damned) as such. To compile a list of ten, I choose to judge a film's aspirations and its fulfillment thereof. The details of these films need not fill space.

1. *The Last Tycoon*
2. *Lumière*
3. *A Matter of Time*
4. *The Omen*
5. *The Shootist*
6. *The Bluebird*
7. *Gable and Lombard*
8. *Logan's Run*
9. *The Next Man*
10. *Man Friday* ◉

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Music to My Ears

Rare Rosina Lhevinne; Karajan, Solti, Sutherland

by Irving Kolodin

SOMETHING more than a fine musician left us enriched by her being, but poorer by her death, when Rosina Lhevinne's life ended recently at ninety-six. She was an extraordinary woman, the widow of an extraordinary husband, who maintained the identity and influence of Josef Lhevinne for more than thirty years after he died in 1944.

Widow, in this circumstance, is perhaps the wrong word. Wife and inheritor would be better ones. Many of the pupils who went to her at the Juilliard School when she was "only" sixty-six were attracted by the magnetism and the magic of the Lhevinne name—the Josef Lhevinne name. She persevered at her work to acquire a separate identity as a wise counselor, a penetrating analyst of her pupils' shortcomings, and a warm participant in their successes. As a fount of pianistic wisdom, she could draw on sources not available even to Arthur Rubinstein, who was barely into his teens when Rosina Lhevinne graduated from the Kiev Conservatory (with a gold medal, of course).

Reference to Rosina Lhevinne inevitably leads to mention of Van Cliburn. Her part in preparing him for his celebrated success in Moscow in 1958 is a contemporary classic. Typically, her influence ranged far beyond Cliburn's piano playing. She acquired him as a pupil because his piano-playing mother had reveled in the craft that made Josef Lhevinne one of the greatest pianists of his (and her) time. "Madame" was persuaded to make a place for Cliburn in her crowded class in part because her hand all but disappeared in his huge paw when she greeted him at an audition. "Biggest hand I've seen since Josef's," she remarked. And it was Rosina Lhevinne who persuaded Cliburn that he could win the Tchaikovsky Competition when he was discouraged and becalmed after earlier successes.

Extraordinary people have a way of writing their own rules. If they are extraordinary enough they may even affect the rules pertaining to others. When Juilliard's president Peter Mennin was being urged to establish retirement ages for senior faculty members, he resisted, saying: "Rosina Lhevinne didn't become a great teacher until she was seventy-five." Her example, in short, became a guideline for others. They will, however, have to live a long time to equal the kind of humanity and wisdom documented in Robert K. Wallace's recently published *A Century of Music Making* (Indiana University Press), which spans the careers of both Lhevinnes.

Rosina Lhevinne—" 'Didn't become a great teacher until she was seventy-five.' "

On an occasion when a breathless student confided that he had a crush on another of her brood, "Madame" heard him out, then commented: "Thank God it's a girl."

THE singular sequence of events in Carnegie Hall that brought seven concerts in nine days by the Chicago Symphony and the Berlin Philharmonic orchestras can be summarized in two sentences. Sir Georg Solti's overpowering impulse, clearly, was to show off his mid-America paragon of an orchestra. Herbert von Karajan's underlying purpose was to sound the depths of the great works by Brahms, Beethoven, Mozart, and Verdi, which he unfolded in a sequence of choral masterpieces rarely heard in a four-day period from any orchestra, anywhere.

To set Solti on the side of the orchestra rather than of the music is to label him both exhibitionistic and shallow. These are derogations that could not be justified by an enemy, but only by his own acts. Sir Georg has learned much about how to achieve success, but not enough about how to live with it. This includes the first rule of the artist's life, as enunciated by the late Artur Schnabel: "Applause is a receipt, not a bill." To follow so mighty a work as Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique* symphony, whose death agonies are as terminal as anything in music, with so inappropriate an "encore" as Wagner's *Tannhäuser* overture is to leave one wondering when Solti began confusing music as a means with music as an end.

In Karajan's carefully planned sequence of choral works the high point for me was to be found in Beethoven's Ninth. Since his last visit (1974), Karajan has been suffering from an affliction that requires delicate surgery and diminishes considerably his mobility on the podium. He can, when he wills it, marshal his familiar muscularity, but for many pages in sequence he depends more than formerly on the rehearsal time he has spent with his collaborators and on the psychic communication between them. The Ninth touched some depths of the mysticism in the slow movement and in the "Seid umschlungen, Millionen" section of the finale attained only by such predecessors as Toscanini, Walter, Koussevitzky, and Szell. This was hindered rather than abetted by a solo quartet in which soprano Anna Tomowa-Sintow and mezzo Agnes Baltsa were acceptable, tenor Karl Walter Boehm barely sang the notes of his part, and only basso Jose Van Dam was responsive to the Karajan standard.

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The Ninth was preceded by an evening devoted to Brahms's *Deutsches Requiem*, whose suffusing emotionalism was illuminated by Leontyne Price's glistening sound in "Ihr habt nun Traurigkeit" ("Ye now therefore have sorrow"), and succeeded by a concert coupling the Mozart *Requiem* with Bruckner's *Te Deum*. The Mozart Mass is fundamentally an intimate work, for which the massive string and brass production of the Berlin Philharmonic and the superb sound of the Vienna Singverein were more than a little overpowering. On the last evening soprano Mirella Freni, mezzo Fiorenza Cossotto, and tenor Luciano Pavarotti made three-quarters of a fine quartet for the Verdi *Requiem*. The Belgian-born Van Dam lacks the depth of sound and the authenticity of accent to make "Mors, stupebit" the menacing thing Verdi meant it to be. Coloristically, Karajan's Verdi could be described as a delicate heliotrope rather than an imperial purple, but such comprehension of detail, structure, and musical subtlety as Karajan commands is a rarity in any generation, likewise the tonal cultivation of the Vienna chorus and the artistic adaptability of Van Dam, who appeared on all four programs.

THE first two new productions of the Metropolitan Opera season concerned (1) a hero who is forbidden to tell his name and (2) a heroine who is not permitted to unveil her face. The fate of each, however, is guided by their opposing national characteristics: the Germanic hero of Wagner's *Lohengrin* rejects his bride because she asks the unanswerable; but the French heroine of Massenet's *Esclarmonde* is given another chance because it is in the nature of woman to be both impulsive and forgiveable. No doubt it is a fantasy to imagine that the two subjects might sometime, somehow, be performed together, like the plots of Strauss's *Ariadne*, but Lohengrin and Esclarmonde are a hero and a heroine made for each other.

This *Lohengrin* is full of visual pleasure provided by Ming Cho Lee, dramatic vigor supervised by August Everding, and the highest musical consistency yet achieved by the company's young music director, James Levine. However, the settings and direction came to a crisis of confusion in the last scene of Act II, where Elsa and a crowd of attendants are directing their steps toward the Münster (cathedral), where she will marry Lohengrin. The procession persisted in doubling back to center stage, rather than proceeding to its objective. That might have been because

J. Heffernan

Joan Sutherland—"A dynamic characterization of Esclarmonde."

there was no Münster visible to me, hence no objective.

The episode nevertheless enabled Mignon Dunn to qualify as the evening's best performer, in a visual-vocal impersonation of Ortrud that recalled the grandeur of her bygone mentor, Karin Branzell. Others of a quality to cherish were the superior, sometimes surpassingly fine, Lohengrin of René Kollo; an appealing, if vocally uneven, Elsa by Pilar Lorengar; and a resounding King Henry from the Italian throat of Bonaldo Giaiotti. Donald McIntyre as Telramund showed the wearing effects of too many Wotans: he could have used some of the vocal power that the young American baritone Allen Monk poured out as the Herald.

The topographical opportunities of *Esclarmonde* enabled the resourceful Beni Montresor to exercise his fantasy on drops and hangings spanning a distance from Byzantium to the Forest of Ardennes. Indeed, the production of an opera never before seen in New York traveled even farther, having originated in San Francisco on behalf of Joan Sutherland, who also provided the wide-ranging voice of Esclarmonde heard at the Metropolitan. The role, of course, is famous for vocal difficulties, which Miss Sutherland lapped up like a kitten at a big plate of milk. What earned her my admiration as well as respect was the extent to which she created a dynamic characterization of Esclarmonde, a sorceress with the enviable ability to whisk herself, come bedtime, to the pad of the man she loves, no matter the miles that separate them. In action as well as in sound, it was the most complete illusion yet to Miss Sutherland's credit in her rising status as a singing actress.

Musically *Esclarmonde* is a stage vehicle made for a prima donna to self-drive, powered by hot air rather than by the more conventional kind of creative energy Massenet provided for *Manon* and *Werther*. As conductor, Richard Bonynge supplied the propulsion missing when his wife was not in view, thus enabling the score to survive to her final sound as Esclarmonde.

That this was triumphant rather than tragic was due to the generosity of the librettists, Alfred Blau and Louis de Gramont, who rewarded Esclarmonde's penance (in agreeing to marry the winner of a tournament) by decreeing her eventual mate to be the same Roland with whom she had shared her embarrassing endearments. Roland's music was well sung by Giacomo Aragall, that for Phorcas (Esclarmonde's father) with equal art by Clifford Grant, the excellent basso from Australia not previously heard in New York. John McCurdy as the King of France and Louis Quilico as the angry cleric who snatches the veil from the face of the temptress were also excellent. Like citron in a fruit cake, the few melodic morsels that turned up again and again in Massenet's score didn't taste as well the last time as they did the first. ◉

Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 113

Virginius Dabney:
Richmond

An article from the Lynchburg *Star* . . . said: "The outlines of the Richmond Female Academy bespeak a grand design. . . . Enlighten and exalt the female mind and you forthwith banish from the world baseness, vice, villainy and ignorance."

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Television

The Ultimate Talk Show: "Folks, Meet Cleopatra"

by Karl E. Meyer

I'M SURE that Steve Allen was not quite so witty as I remember him as the first host of the NBC *Tonight* show in the remote 1950s. But I'm equally sure, however fallible my recollection, that Allen was superior to the present incumbent as host, Johnny Carson, with his leering one-liners, his plastic grin, and his shallow backchat. What passes for conversation on Carson's show bears the same relationship to the real article that popcorn does to a gourmet meal.

If I had my doubts, they were resolved by seeing two segments of an engaging series called *Meeting of Minds* that Allen has created for public television. The essential idea is imaginative and playful. Using the familiar format of a TV talk show, complete with studio audience, Allen has enrolled as guests the illustrious dead.

Thus, in the first program we are introduced to Theodore Roosevelt (played by Joe Earley), Queen Cleopatra (Jayne Meadows), Thomas Paine (Joe Sirola), and St. Thomas Aquinas (Peter Bromilow). The series has its premiere on Monday, January 10, at 8 P.M., on most PBS stations, and continues for six weeks, with each quartet of guests appearing on two successive one-hour shows.

I have no idea on what basis Allen chose his immortals, but the script he has written is wonderfully entertaining. We see Tom Paine, the earnest rationalist, his nose deep in a book, charging St. Thomas with accepting some theological absurdity, which Aquinas then loftily dismisses as mere nit-picking.

The fun begins when lines cross, with Paine, the arch-republican, agreeing with Cleopatra on the question of women's rights in opposition to the Thomist view ("Woman should look on man as her natural master"). Everyone speaks very much in character, and there are few surprises, but Allen has seen to it that each guest gets an even-handed quota of good comebacks.

Cleopatra (Jayne Meadows) and Steve Allen— "Good fun lightly sauced with ideas."

I did not see the second quartet (Marie Antoinette, Karl Marx, Ulysses S. Grant, and St. Thomas More) because I was frankly more intrigued by the final grouping, the most implausible galaxy in the series. Allen, in his last quartet, recalls to life Attila the Hun (Khigh Dehigh), Emily Dickinson (Katherine Helmond), Charles Darwin (Murray Matheson), and Galileo (Alexander Scourby).

Crazy as this grouping may sound, it works. When Darwin reproaches Attila for his military cruelties—with Miss Dickinson glaring in shared distaste—the emperor of the Huns replies, quite justly: "I wasn't aware, Dr. Darwin, that the British Empire was built by pacifists." Attila goes on to contrast the indiscriminate murder of civilians in World War II with his own battles, in which casualties consisted of soldiers present by their own choice.

In introducing the first colloquium, Allen invokes the example of Plato, whose dialogues also featured eminent historic personages. Well, Plato Steve Allen is not. *Meeting of Minds* is good fun lightly sauced with ideas. It is sometimes a bit sloppy on facts—a caption misspells the name of Alfred Russel Wallace and Allen gives the wrong number of poems published by Emily Dickinson during her lifetime (and mislocates the poet's room in her Amherst house).

But as Thomas Aquinas might say, this is mere nit-picking. There is a jaunty and infectious spirit about the venture. It reminded me of a half-forgotten minor classic, *Heavenly Discourse*, by Charles Erskine Scott Wood, in which God and Jesus discuss mortal follies with such as Voltaire and Montaigne. It also recalled an excellent CBS show in which Peter Ustinov played George III in a mock-interview with Eric Sevareid (the mad king won on points).

We ought to have more such *jeux d'esprit* on television. The pilot for Allen's series was shown as long ago as 1971 and it has taken three years for *Meeting of Minds* to overcome funding obstacles (E. F. Hutton & Co. is the corporate underwriter). Produced by Station KCET in Los Angeles, with Loring d'Usseau as executive producer, the series confirms that there is ample acting talent and writing ability around for more imaginative programming. I hope we won't have to wait three years for a sequel. ◉

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The Pulse of the Sea A Monthly Letter from The Cousteau Society

Can't Find Water in the River

by Jacques-Yves Cousteau

HEAVILY, awkwardly, I step down the diving ladder. When the water surface reaches my chest, I feel relieved of the burden of the three huge tanks on my back; I look upward and wave to signal my companions that I am ready to go. Patrick Delemotte follows on the ladder while I stick my mouthpiece between my lips and teeth and submerge. Albert Falco and Delemotte will accompany me to the wreck of the *Britannic*, the sister ship of the *Titanic*. My tanks are filled with a breathing mixture that is only 14 percent oxygen, not quite enough to sustain prolonged activity at surface level. A higher percentage would be extremely dangerous sixty fathoms down, where our bodies will be submitted to the pressure of twelve atmospheres. Soon—only fifteen feet down—normal oxygen pressure is restored. Here I pause two minutes, holding the strong, braided-nylon rope by which the submersible decompression chamber is suspended, making sure my ears are cleared and won't bother me too much during the descent. The water is crystal clear, and the sun penetrates the sea in dancing swords of light. The flat water surface above is a shining silver ceiling, where the hull of my ship, casting an unwonted volume of shadow, seems out of place. Near the surface a few small fish glitter, survivors of the brief, merciless early-morning hunt by larger predators. Under me the universe of blue suggests an emptiness but for a few small, pulsating jellyfish and for a wreath of dazzling bubbles rising majestically from our decompression chamber, a faint yellow fleck below.

It is 11:05 A.M. I set the marker of my diving watch on 11:20, the deadline for our departure from the deep. I start the vertiginous descent. I feel as though I am in a dream, and, having jumped from the thirty-seventh floor of a skyscraper, I am floating instead of crashing. I haul myself down along the rope as fast as my ears permit. Both Falco and Delemotte overtake me. We pass swiftly along the Galeazzi decompression chamber, the odd little shelter without which there would be no safe return. Immediately thereafter, we reach the first barrier, *darkness*, where we can see nothing. We glide down, and at a depth of 180 feet—just halfway to the bottom—we reach the second barrier, *cold*. A temperature of fifty-five degrees creeps into our wet suits as well as our spirits. A little deeper, we perceive a dim flicker way down in the black—the lights of *Calypso*'s research submersible, the "diving saucer," which rests near the breach in the hull of the *Britannic*, a gaping aperture into which the saucer cannot venture. The saucer marks the spot where we will start our exploration. Not until we have descended 300 feet do we begin to discern the colossal hulk of the wreck. Although the water is dark, it is clear, and we can discern the shapes sixty feet from us. Sixty feet—about one-fifteenth the length of the ship. When I reach the flat, muddy bottom along the wreck, my depth gauge indicates 370 feet. It has taken me six minutes to get here; in nine minutes, it is imperative that I start the return.

Losing no time, we enter the ship through the huge opening carved into the hull by a torpedo. All around us, all above us, jagged steel plates are twisted into gigantic modern sculptures. Every surface is covered with brown oysters and yellow sponges. Pink damselfish seem to dot space, while large, motionless red scorpion fish only raise their dorsal fins at our approach. Falco films and Delemotte aims the beams of our powerful lights in front of us while I search quickly for signs that could tell us more about *Britannic*'s tragedy. Soon I am surrounded by collapsed steel walls, wigs of torn electric cables, and rotted planks, and I realize that I have penetrated deep into the ship's entrails.

Then comes total darkness. My reaction is to cling to a buckled pipe. Because we breathe a helium mixture instead of air, we do not experience the sort of narcosis that impairs the judgment of divers. We keep our heads clear, and for this reason, danger is more apparent. So is fear.

When I ventured here, my friends were nearby and I was in complete serenity. Suddenly I am alone, terribly alone in this mess, in the perpetual night undersea. And here, hanging on to a steel pipe inside a collapsing structure sixty fathoms down, I find myself thinking intently of the line from Paul Valéry: "A man alone is in bad company."

The loneliness lasts only seconds, but it registers on my mind like an eternity. My diving companions soon reappear. We finish our inquiry, make a slow ascent to the Galeazzi chamber, and return to *Calypso* life after three hours of decompression.

THE fear of being alone—that desperate, frantic feeling of total isolation—plagues us all. Man is a social animal; companionship, like food and water, is necessary for life. The solitary prisoner looks for a way to escape his cell just as mankind looks for a way to escape his planet, to search for intelligent beings, to seek some assurance that he is not alone in the universe.

NASA's Viking expedition is evidence of our innate need to find other life. In hopes that Mars supplies the oxygen, carbon, and other elements that so miraculously produced the life cell on primordial earth—or that Mars has other, unknown conditions that could also produce life—we sent our spacecraft on a ten-month journey of 700 million kilometers. Biologists concocted mind-boggling treatments for the Martian soil: in a compact kit costing $50 million, ingenious tools were packed to bake the soil, douse it with nutrients, and treat it with gases—all in order to detect living organisms. So far, not one has been found.

But we earthlings will not be convinced that we are alone. Our search continues. We need not conclude that there is no life in space, scientists say, just because we have not found it. Even if life does not exist in our solar system, it may exist beyond, in our galaxy. About 10 billion dis-

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tant planets orbit their suns at the proper distance that would make their temperatures right for life; these orbs probably have volcanoes, whose burning lava may have triggered the chain of chemical reactions that gives birth to life, and they may have been in existence long enough for evolution to change that life from a single, simple cell into an entire world of intelligent beings.

Ten-billion-odd advanced civilizations to give us hope of comradery, to fill what we supposed to be the lonely vacuum of the universe! Already scientists know what sort of antennae, receiving systems, and radio frequencies can be used to communicate across the galaxy. They estimate that construction of an intergalactic radio system would cost $6 billion to $10 billion.

AFTER the effort and the expense, we need only wait; we need only hope. Messages can travel only at the speed of light and would take centuries to reach hypothetical listeners. Answers would take another set of centuries to reach us. "Hi there, do you hear me?" we would utter. And maybe 2,000 years later, the survivors of World War XXXVI would enthusiastically decipher the answer: "I hear you clearly. Who are you?"

As we scour the universe for even a sign—a microbe, a cell—intelligent life is teeming by our side. On land there is no animal equipped with a brain comparable to man's. But in the sea there are several mammals, including orcas, sperm whales, dolphins, and porpoises, that have brains that are at least anatomically equal to man's.

Scientists disagree on just which aspects of the brain are actually measures of intelligence. Some say weight—the human brain weighs 1,400 grams and the dolphin's 1,700. Some say the number of convolutions—the dolphin brain has twice the convolutions of the human brain. Marine mammals' brains are also similar to man's in the relative size of the cerebral cortex to the rest of the brain.

What about a sea mammal's ability to receive information? The dolphin has only one-tenth the visual ability a human has —but twenty times the hearing ability. We can see if a friend is troubled, for example, by scrutinizing his expression. But dolphins would know that something was wrong with another mammal if, for instance, they heard it swallow air.

Examples of sea mammals' intelligence abound and have been recorded since the time of Pliny. Crew members on the *Calypso* have many such stories to tell. We once observed the determination of a dominant male orca to lure us away from his family even at the risk of his own life. His maneuvers demonstrated imagination, and with his complicated whistling language, he was able to direct his relatives even when they were a mile away from him. Another time we attached a listening device to a sperm whale. The other members of the herd waited all day, swimming at a distance and sending calls to our whale. Then, at night, they closed in, took a deep dive along with the *Calypso* whale —and detached the device.

Karl-Erik Fichtelius records another experience in his book *Smarter Than Man?* Two dolphins were given a keyboard and a light. They were taught to depress one key when the light blinked, another when it was steady. A screen was put between them, and only one dolphin could see the light. She made some sounds to her companion—who then pressed the correct key.

Whatever the statistics or stories, we do not know for certain that sea mammals are as intelligent as man. We do know, however, that there is a good possibility they have the *capacity* to be as intelligent. That alone is an exciting prospect.

A human being, after all, is born with only a *capacity* for intelligence. Left in the jungle, a baby will not grow up to be Kipling's Mowgli; instead, he will become a stupid young man whose "innate" intelligence will not be sparked by a tardy education.

Much of our intelligence is borrowed from the collective experience—the written history—of the scores of generations that have preceded us. Man's hands thus have enabled him to meet his potential, to build his civilizations. Without hands whales and dolphins cannot advance. We can, however, "lend" them ours.

Before doing so, we will have to study these mammals a great deal more. And we must study them as proud creatures in the sea, not as captives—neurotic victims of imprisonment.

WHEN an exuberant, intelligent, social orca—the so-called killer whale—has been put through the agony of being captured in a net, separated from its family, hoisted brutally out of the sea, confined in a training pen, injected with vitamins and antibiotics, and submitted to weeks of brainwashing sessions, it is changed from a proud raider of the sea to a pathetic beggar. It is a caricature of itself, despite the fact that it retains a tremendous ability to learn and to execute complex circus tricks. Its need for affection now becomes something akin to a comedian's need for applause. Once taught by its mother to catch live fish for food, it now is taught by trainers to consider dead fish a reward.

To say that the dolphin's actions are "overriding learned behavior" is outrageous. A dolphin tank to its occupant must be the same as solitary confinement is to a prisoner. The dolphin hears nothing but its sonar, bouncing back to it from every direction, just as a human would see nothing but the walls of his cell. To think that a captive dolphin is a normal dolphin is tantamount to considering as normal human behavior the actions of those unfortunate victims of Nazi concentration camps who learned to lick the floor at the sound of a whistle, knowing that they would thus earn a piece of bread. Behavior forced upon intelligent prisoners is perverted behavior. And yet it is the poor captive creature that man has attempted to analyze.

Man alone is indeed in bad company. He looks to the universe that unfolds before him and, fearing infinite emptiness, he frantically—so far, futilely—searches its expanse for even a hint of life. As for the intelligent creatures that populate the oceans of his own earth—how does he treat them? He puts them in zoos and brushes their teeth to the tune of children's laughter. He teaches them to ring bells in marine circuses. He slaughters them almost to extinction so that he can make cat and dog food. Such behavior makes one wonder if man is an intelligent creature himself. If he finds intelligent beings in space, will they be inclined to treat him the same way he treats sea mammals?

We need not ask what we would gain if we changed our ways and learned to communicate with mammals in the sea. We are alone. Any companionship we find would be a precious reward. We can find that companionship easily—not by waiting centuries or hoping for miracles, but by making bonds rather than by practicing butchery; by searching the seas not for captives, but for comrades.

Knowing that life requires water, we have stubbornly—and naively—scanned infinity to find water. We would be neither so ignorant nor so blind if we simply searched water—the earth's water—for life. The situation reminds me of a saying my mother used when I was a little boy. Seeing me in search of some object that was in plain sight, she would hug me and say, "You couldn't find water in the river." ◉

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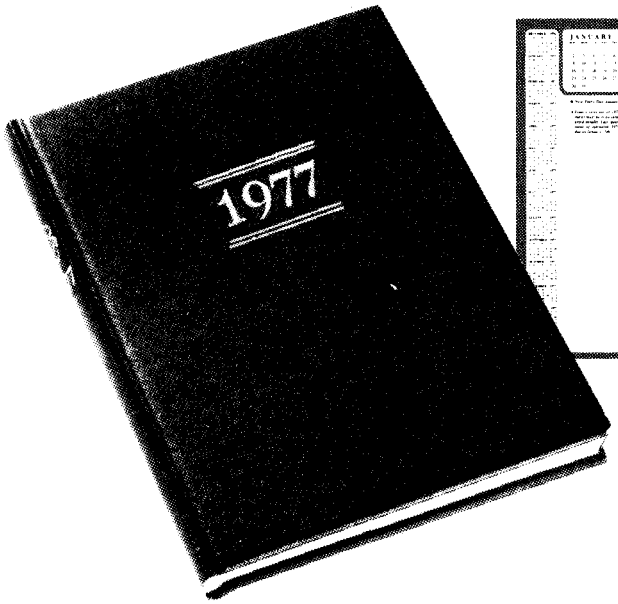

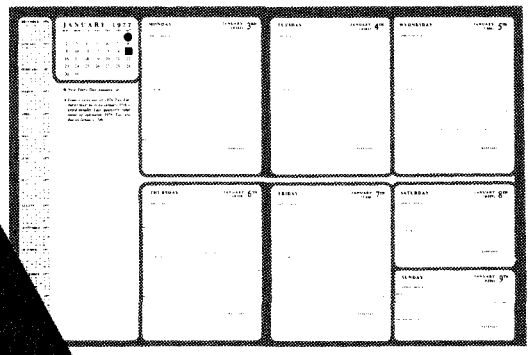

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Manner of Speaking

My Uncle's Nickname Is Humble Pie for the Nonce

by John Ciardi

'NOTHER time (had you druther) I'll tell you what teacher said about "correct English." For the nonce, let me note that when my boys first began to prattle they used to say "some nother time," and that they called their Nana "Ana."

They had been given no example for such language twists, yet they were adding and shedding the initial "n" just as the English language did many times in its development. Do we speak the language or does it speak us? The development of the individual, science tells us, repeats the evolutionary development of the species. What force in the language process moves babes to do, in their first prattlings, what the language itself did centuries ago?

For my boys were "noncing." Noncing is the process whereby "an other" tends to be spoken as "a nother." There are variants of this process, but "nonce" will do as the eponym.

In early Middle English *for then anes* ("anes" with a sounded "e") meant not quite but almost what we mean by "for once then." The "n" of "then," however, migrated (nonced) and the term became *for the nanes*, later altered to "for the nonce."

Shakespeare's use of *nuncle* for "uncle" is a more familiar example. It is, of course, Shakespeare's dialect characters who said "nuncle." His educated characters said, as Hamlet did, "uncle." But note that Hamlet said "married to mine uncle," which is all but identical in sound to "married to my nuncle." He was not exactly noncing, and not exactly not noncing.

"Apron" started as Old French *nape*, a tablecloth (compare "napkin" and "napery"), which gave rise to *naperon*, a little tablecloth, which passed into Middle English as *napron* until "a napron" became "an apron," the "n" noncing from the noun to the article.

"Notch" went the other way. Old French *osche* (aspirate it and you can guess that it is related to "hatchet/hash/hash mark") was a notch cut into a counting stick. (A counting stick was what farm managers used for counting livestock, as, for example, the sheared sheep, in the days before clipboards.) *Osche* passed into Middle English as *an otch*, and in this case the "n" nonced on to rather than off the noun, giving us "a notch."

So with "nickname," which, in Middle English, was *an eke name*, literally, "an also name/another name." *An eke name* could mean "a surname" (formal surnames were a late development in English) or what we mean by "a nickname," the "n" noncing off "an" to affix itself to *eke*, hence "neke/nick."

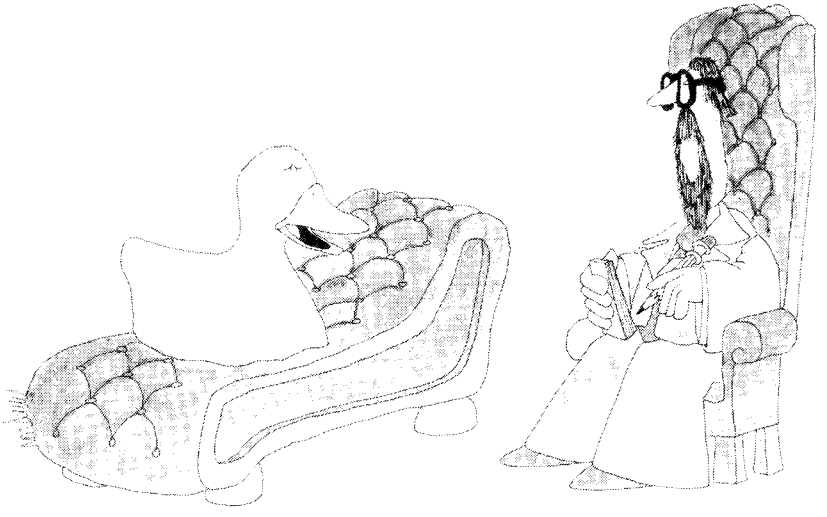
"Umpire" is a variant nonce. In Old French the *non-per* (cf. "par, pair") was the odd person on the field (the one not of the pair who were fighting a duel). Before "p" the prefix "non-" takes the syncopated form "nom-." Hence, Old French *un nomper(e)*, which became Middle English *a noumpire*, which was nonced to *an oumpire*, and so to Modern English "umpire."

PERHAPS the most complicated nonce is "humble pie"—that which all of us must eat at times. It began as Latin *lumbus*, a loin roast; *lumbulus*, the diminutive form, signifying "a small loin roast." The Old French form of the word was *nombles*, which passed into Middle English as *numbles*. In transit it acquired the altered sense, "those organs nearest the loin," referring specifically to tripe, intestines, testicles, etc.

These, baked in a crust as halfpenny food for draymen and such, were made up into "a numbles pie," which was later nonced and further altered to "an umble pie." But the drayman was probably a cockney, and it was natural to think he was saying "an 'umble pie" (to heat at 'ome), whereupon those who thought they spoke proper English corrected him to "humble pie."

The "correction" did seem to make sense. What went into those pies was the humblest sort of meat for the humblest laborer. Which is why we still eat it—like figurative crow—when we are humbled.

But not for the nonce. Let it be some nother time. ◉



"I feel like a sitting duck!"

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 74

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 68.

J WEUH EB XFG FJBH EV SAUXF SFJX EX SEZZ WUEBY.

—JCWUAVG WEGUIG

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Light Refractions

The Trouble with Lousy Writing

by Thomas H. Middleton

THERE'S a lot to be said against the use of clumsy, overburdened phrases—that style of writing and speaking that is often given the suffix *-ese*, as in *bureaucratese*, *educationese*, *sociologese*, and so on.

The most serious charge against this style is that it is difficult to interpret—that in translating it into the language of ordinary discourse, different people can arrive at quite different meanings.

In the October 16 *SR*, I cited a letter from Peter G. Treadway, who had sent me a sample of this sort of writing. It was, he said, "from a chapter describing public relations for a project director who is to start and operate an educational project for disadvantaged children: 'In establishing effective communication with the elementary school principals it is important to be aware that they are the most important persons through whom effective project communications can be established. These same channels of communication should be followed by you if they exist in your district.' "

I said that I thought I'd figured out what the paragraph meant: "What is intended . . . is 'If there are elementary school principals in your district and you want to talk to them, they're the ones you should talk to' " is how I put it.

I now confess that that wasn't entirely truthful of me. I didn't really believe that the author of the paragraph intended to say anything so idiotic. Nevertheless, I believe that mine is a reasonable interpretation of what he did say.

I got two letters disagreeing with me, and I think they substantiate my point.

First, I heard from J. Albert Faber, of Greensboro, N.C., who wrote, "Your apparent inability to comprehend an average bureaucratic writer . . . makes it appear to me that you are suffering from the Bicentennial Blahs, or something.

"You have tried to read such a statement literally and as a result missed what the writer had in his head, but not in his typewriter fingers. . . . Basically, what it is, is lousy writing. . . . The writing can be made about 5 percent less lousy by simply rearranging it: 'In establishing a district communication program, be especially aware of the importance of elementary school principals. They can be most important in making your project communications effective. If you find them to hold this key position in your district, be sure that you establish effective communication with them.'

"Obviously, this is a roundabout way of saying, 'Elementary school principals are usually sensitively in touch with their districts. Be sure that they play an important part in your communication program.' "

The next day, I got a letter from Joanne Jarvis (if I've read the signature correctly), who said, "Sir, you . . . done got it all messed-up. The directive of the P.R. project director means exactly what it says: 'Buddy, if you want your project to get off the ground, you had better hot-foot it first to the principal. After you apply all the necessary strokes, then manipulate said principal into believing that he or she actually initiated the idea. Voilà! You have it made.' "

Ms. Jarvis has superimposed *Games People Play* over her mind reading to come up with a possibly accurate translation. But when she claims that the directive means exactly what it says, she loses me. I can see how the phrase "It is important to be aware that they are the most important persons" might be interpreted as saying "Treat them as V.I.P.s," but it might just as well mean, as Mr. Faber says, "Be sure that they play an important part in your communication program."

So we have three different interpretations of the original statement. There's mine, which probably doesn't reflect the intention of the writer—although that it does reflect his intention is a possibility we can't dismiss. I have a growing suspicion that there are people who use this style because they know they have nothing to say but want to fill pages and to give a vague impression of having said something.

Ms. Jarvis makes a lively, attention-grabbing statement that seems to me quite different from the original, but her meaning is unmistakable.

Mr. Faber's interpretation is fairly clear, but different from both mine and Ms. Jarvis's.

I'm not sure what the author intended to say, but I have a feeling that he tried to sound un-simple and therefore erudite and therefore authoritative, and that in so doing, he got wordy and his writing got obscure and, as Mr. Faber says, lousy.

Keeping it simple isn't always as simple as it sounds, but it's always worth a try, just so we'll understand one another. ◉

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Korean CIA *from page 8*

ways would weaken his position, expose Korea to military attack, and bring about still worse repression, either by another anti-Communist leader or by the Communists themselves. Then, too, in the knowledge that Park was steadily expanding his scope in the United States, American officials saw yet two other reasons for failing to act. The first was the presence of some 50,000 Korean troops in Vietnam—the largest foreign contingent after America's own forces. The second was a secret agreement, superficially very routine, whereby the United States maintained CIA operatives in Korea in return for Korea's right to post KCIA men here. A corollary to the agreement was that the two would exchange information.

Given these arrangements, the Koreans formed the easy habit of behaving in the United States much as they do in Korea or as the American CIA does overseas—by setting up businessmen as agents, by spreading influence under the cover of a couple of "foundations" and "institutes," by cozying up to potentially useful persons through all manner of friendly come-ons, and by attempting to watch the comings and goings of Koreans through local associations of Korean residents and professional people. Flattering themselves on their shrewdness in not upsetting American sensitivities, Korean officials adopted a carefully modulated attitude toward anti-Park activists whom they might otherwise have been tempted to spirit back to Korea—as they did in 1967 with seventeen Korean students living in West Germany, and in Tokyo in 1973 with Kim Dae Jung, Park's opponent in Korea's last serious presidential contest, six years ago.

"They have been very discreet," says Lee Sung Ho, Kim Dae Jung's brother-in-law, who is campaigning for his release from an eight-year sentence for signing a statement demanding "the restoration of the parliamentary system" and deeming it "imperative that the present government be replaced."

It is to prevent this type of dissent from festering unchecked in the United States—and jeopardizing the Korean-American alliance—that Korean operatives threaten anti-Park Koreans in anonymous late-night telephone calls, order parents in Korea to write letters imploring their children "to behave," isolate dissidents socially by suggesting that other Koreans not associate with them, and maintain paid informers throughout the Korean-American community of some 250,000 persons, the majority of whom live in or near Los Angeles, New York, Washington, and Chicago. "The KCIA keeps track of everybody," says a Korean who has lived here for five years. "There are distinguished persons in the Korean community, and the KCIA contacts them with bribes or business." There is, of course, another side to the Korean story. Korean residents report that Korean Communist agents also indulge in threatening calls, also keep lists of sympathizers and enemies, also infiltrate associations, also attempt to influence American liberals and leftists.

In this atmosphere of fear and rivalry, there have been some notable episodes in which Korean operatives have gone considerably beyond the level of non-specific threats and tattletaling. Julie Moon, a Korean journalist who has reported from Washington for years, describes an incident in which a businessman was forced to board a Korean Air Lines flight from Los Angeles to Seoul but was let off in Honolulu after giving a $2,000 bribe to his abductors and promising never to return to California. Kim Woon Ha, editor of *The New Korea*, a weekly Korean-language paper published in Los Angeles, has testified before Congressman Fraser's subcommittee that a Korean national assemblyman, visiting him on behalf of the KCIA, offered him three alternatives. "One was to stop criticizing the Korean government and receive a newspaper fund or government position if I wanted it," said Kim. "The second was to sell the newspaper or close it down. The third was to face retaliation." Kim, still publishing, said Korean Air Lines and other advertisers canceled contracts.

"Perhaps the revelations will tell Americans more about themselves than about Koreans."

For all its seriousness, infringement on the civil rights of Koreans would doubtless not have reached major headline-grabbing proportions had it not been for mounting evidence of another facet of President Park's master plan for keeping Washington safely in his camp—namely covert interference in American politics and public life. Blatant though these misdeeds may appear under the glare of official investigations, in reality they were slickly hidden beneath convenient covers that shrewdly exploited all the gullibility and pretensions of Americans caught up in Washington's hustling, power-oriented environment. The forerunner of the covers was the Korean Cultural and Freedom Foundation, established under an American board chairman in 1964 but run ever since by Pak Bo Hi, who slid into the foundation's presidency after having served as assistant military attaché at the Korean Embassy here.

For the record, the foundation's sole designated spokesman, Donald Miller, stoutly maintains that it contacts the Korean government only to obtain visas for The Little Angels, a song-and-dance troupe of seven-to-fifteen-year-old Korean girls that the foundation has sponsored on overseas tours since 1965. Then, too, the foundation operates a "Children's Relief Fund" under the slogan "All of Our Problems Are Little Ones," and, for nearly eight years during the Vietnam-war period, ran Radio of Free Asia, which prepared propaganda material in Washington for broadcast from Korea. Despite serious questions about the financing of each of these endeavors, said to have collected far more than they gave to their respective causes, Colonel Pak can probably defend their legitimacy. It was outside the foundation per se that he fostered his most suspicious associations, including those with the Reverend Sun Myung Moon, the propagandist and evangelist whose Unification Church he had joined in 1961 in Korea, and Park Tong Sun, the American-educated business entrepreneur and party-giver whose chicanery has inspired some of the most sensational exposé-style reporting from here since Watergate.

ONE key to the manipulations of Pak, Park Tong Sun, and Moon is their uncanny knack for ingratiating themselves with Americans at all levels of society in the name of patriotism, anti-communism, God, freedom, or whatever. In fact, President Park could pick these men, and others like them, in part because they believe in whatever they are doing—and are willing to carry out their government's bidding in order to achieve their own ends. The fact that Moon had had a license to turn out parts for M-16 rifles in Korea or that he had run courses on "the theory and practice of communism" attended by aspiring Korean bureaucrats was lost on his American following, mesmerized by the "sincerity" of his religious appeal. And Pak's own service to Moon as first assistant and "interpreter" could easily be attributed to Pak's long-standing membership in the same church.

At the risk of imputing guilt by association at all turns, one discovers an in-

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credible maze of connections, all of which seem somehow to serve the purposes of the Korean government. Can it be mere coincidence, for instance, that one Jhoon Rhee, owner of a chain of schools that teach Korean *tae kwan do*, otherwise known as karate, counts a number of congressmen, plus columnist Jack Anderson, among his students? Or that Rhee also is a member of the Unification Church and served with Anderson on the board of the Diplomat National Bank until Anderson resigned after an editorial rebuke in one of the papers that carry his column? Or that Park Tong Sun, Pak, and other Unification Church adherents have placed large sums in the bank, which is run by another Korean, Charles Kim?

Although zealous critics of the Park regime are certainly prone to exaggerate, the final impression does emerge of a unified effort vis-à-vis America that probably began about the time of the now celebrated 1970 meeting in the presidential mansion, or Blue House, in Seoul, at which President Park is said to have discussed long-range strategy and tactics with Pak, Park Tong Sun, and KCIA officials. The key to the case against the KCIA in America—aside from other charges stemming from Park Tong Sun's financial shenanigans—may rest in "electronic evidence" that the American CIA is said to have obtained of the Blue House meeting. Since the CIA failed to notify the Justice Department of possible criminal involvement by Korean operatives, however, one may assume it will do all it can to suppress any "evidence" still in existence. Nor can one seriously expect the State Department to go through more than conscience-salving motions. Donald L. Ranard, director of Korean affairs at State from 1970 to 1974, asked the FBI in 1973 to investigate the KCIA but says the probe "finally petered out several months later" without producing any more than "mere confirmation of the basic information I had submitted initially." No doubt one factor in such reticence was the overall atmosphere of the Nixon administration, which provided guidance to South Korean lobbyists on the care and handling of U.S. congressmen.

Now retired from foreign service, Ranard directs the Institute for International Policy—a post that enables him to compensate for his earlier frustration by crusading publicly against the Park regime. Ranard, however, admits that "evidence regarding the activities of the KCIA in the U.S. is indeed hard to obtain." Lee Jai Hyon, the former press attaché who first testified before the Fraser subcommittee, offers one of the more bizarre bits of hearsay—he claims that while still with the Korean Embassy, he saw his ambassador stuffing envelopes full of $100 bills into his attaché case and quotes the ambassador as having remarked that he was off "to the Capitol" to "deliver" them, presumably to indigent congressmen.

Uncorroborated though it may be, the charge appears altogether credible in view of other reports, such as the one that former Nixon aide John E. Nidecker was handed $10,000 in cash in an envelope marked "bon voyage" at the end of a visit to Seoul in 1974. Nidecker promptly relayed the envelope to the then American ambassador, Philip C. Habib, who returned it whence it came. But previous successful gift-giving to officials and congressmen on lavish KCIA-funded junkets to Seoul must have emboldened authorities there to test the ease with which they could penetrate the White House itself.

Such chutzpah—is there a better word for it?—says something about the Korean character. From lofty coldness to disarming charm, from violent anger to deep loyalty, from cruelty to compassion, Koreans on both sides of the 38th parallel display extremes that boggle the imaginations of foreigners. Like exposés of Mafia connections, however, revelations of the dimensions of the Korean network probably will not do much to eliminate it, much less to prove how it works or who runs it on a day-to-day basis. Does President Park himself review the orders? Or does he entrust the operation to a Mr. Big, perhaps the head of the KCIA in Seoul, perhaps another, totally unsuspected, provocateur? Whoever is in charge, did he deliberately coordinate the operations of the Reverend Moon and Park Tong Sun—or did he just exploit those men when he saw their already demonstrated value?

So far no one has answered these or other central questions. Oddly enough, perhaps the revelations will tell Americans more about themselves than about Koreans. How many of us knew that our society and our government were so weak and rotten that "friendly" foreign operatives could flourish happily, with nothing to fear until one of their own countrymen—not an American—offered the testimony that compelled the sluggish arms of an enervated system to begin to flail in some semblance of righteous, defensive wrath? ◉

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OVERSEAS—ALL OCCUPATIONS! Worldwide Directory and complete information—$2.00. Opportunities, Box 19107-MV, Washington, D.C. 20036.

TEACHERS-MAINE CAMPS—Sports, Arts. 95 Woodchester, Chestnut Hill, Mass. 02167.

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SITUATIONS WANTED

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MS. "FRIDAY", 25, Anthro. BA + 2nd year Law. Attractive. Capable. Research? Politics? SR Box 2132.

SEEKING TEMPORARY OR PERMANENT overseas position, financial consideration secondary. Man, 38, excellent physical condition, diversified background, impeccable professional, personal references. Gottsberger, 6436 Alamo, St. Louis, Mo. 63105. (314) 862-2052.

MAN, 24, desires employment involving travel. D. Ringwood, Colrain, Mass. 01340. (413) 624-5561.

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Double-Crostic

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 K	2 S		3 P	4 Q	5 B	6 A	7 U	8 N		9 W	10 E	11 H		12 Q	13 C	14 B
15 M	16 V	17 P		18 P		19 N	20 K	21 G	22 T	23 J		24 T	25 R		26 I	27 V
	28 U	29 H	30 N		31 P	32 L	33 A	34 Q		35 B	36 W	37 C		38 W	39 G	40 C
41 J		42 Q	43 M		44 E	45 K	46 V	47 A		48 A	49 D	50 S		51 U		52 M
53 E	54 L	55 K	56 J	57 P	58 T	59 H		60 B	61 C	62 S	63 F	64 W		65 D	66 R	
67 U	68 O	69 Q	70 G	71 V		72 A	73 K	74 S	75 U	76 V	77 J	78 D		79 A	80 S	
81 S	82 B	83 J	84 Q		85 I	86 W		87 W		88 U	89 F	90 O	91 R		92 H	93 K
94 S		95 E	96 D	97 W		98 T	99 G	100 I		101 F	102 L	103 J	104 S	105 O		106 T
107 F	108 L	109 S	110 E	111 G	112 U		113 N	114 O	115 K	116 B		117 E	118 V	119 D		120 I
121 N	122 J	123 T	124 L		125 H	126 G	127 B	128 P	129 K	130 M	131 J		132 H	133 F	134 W	135 M
	136 C	137 V		138 T	139 F	140 N	141 G		142 B	143 V		144 D	145 R		146 E	147 R
148 J	149 M		150 O	151 V		152 J	153 O	154 U	155 F		156 G	157 I	158 B	159 R		160 N
161 U		162 C	163 M	164 Q	165 I	166 G	167 U		168 K	169 B	170 L	171 J	172 N	173 A	174 Q	175 S
	176 W	177 R	178 M		179 K	180 B	181 Q	182 O		183 R	184 T		185 C	186 M	187 V	188 I

Number 114

Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. American author (1894–1961; *The Thin Man*)	6 48 79 173 33 47 72
B. Power of absolute and final decision	82 116 60 180 5 127 158 142 169 14 35
C. Fetid, putrid	40 61 136 185 13 162 37
D. Eats between meals	49 65 78 96 119 144
E. Where Elaine Le Blank hailed from (Malory)	10 44 95 110 146 53 117
F. Bunk, baloney	107 139 63 155 89 101 133
G. Gull of the genus *Rissa*	141 21 126 156 39 111 70 99 166
H. *Classify*	92 125 11 29 59 132
I. "Make straight in the desert a _____ for our God" (Isaiah 40:3)	157 26 120 165 188 85 100
J. Indeterminate as to the outcome (3 wds.)	103 131 171 23 122 148 41 56 77 83 152
K. 1928 Romberg musical (3 wds.)	179 20 55 93 115 168 1 45 73 129
L. Shares equally with another	32 108 170 54 102 124
M. American author (1837–1902; *Roxy*)	15 130 149 52 178 43 135 163 186
N. Tennyson's poem about "Molly Magee an' her Danny O'Roon"	19 113 160 172 8 121 140 30
O. Furnishes with power, authority, rank, etc.	68 153 114 182 90 150 105
P. Where the Japanese suffered a naval defeat, June, 1942	3 18 57 31 128 17
Q. Soothing, especially to the skin	84 181 4 12 69 42 174 34 164
R. Collateral or derived branch, descendant, or member	145 25 66 91 177 183 147 159
S. Fussbudget, fossil (comp.)	81 62 50 175 2 94 74 104 109 80
T. Pliancy, flaccidity, sentimentality	123 24 184 138 22 58 106 98
U. Condition characterized by brief attacks of deep sleep	28 51 167 75 154 67 7 88 112 161
V. Clerical (3 wds.)	151 46 27 76 143 71 16 187 137 118
W. Gloss over the defects, faults, or errors of	9 36 87 176 97 38 134 86 64

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 113* appears on page 59.

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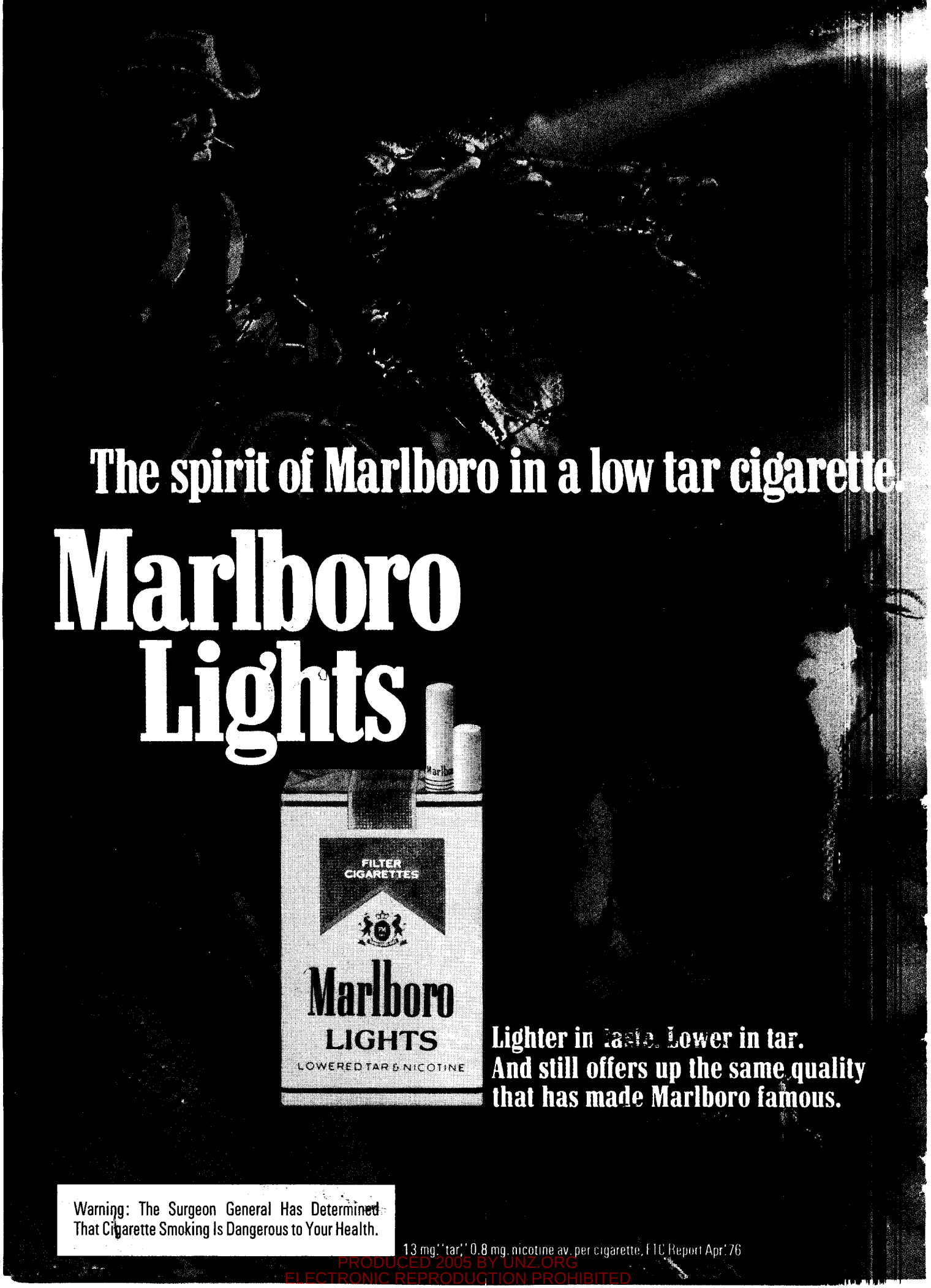
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